



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600077093W







# PYGMALION



# P Y G M A L I O N

BY  
THOMAS WOOLNER



London  
MACMILLAN AND CO.  
1881

*The right of translation is reserved.*

280. L. 341.





TO MY WIFE

**Alice Gertrude**

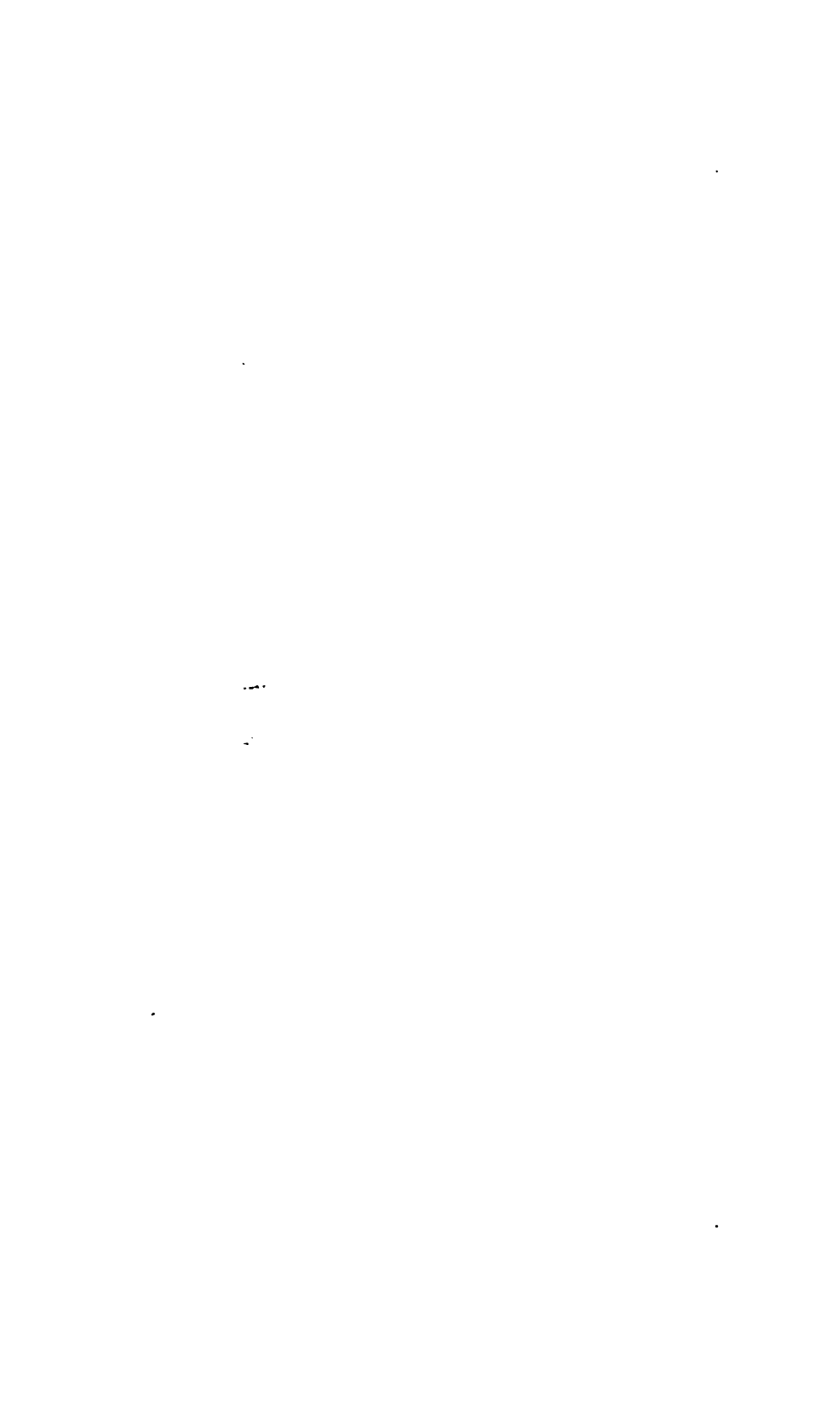
I OFFER THIS VISION OF THE PAST



TO MY WIFE

**Alice Gertrude**

I OFFER THIS VISION OF THE PAST



## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PRELUDE . . . . .	I
BOOK I. PYGMALION'S HOME . . .	3
II. PYGMALION'S WORK . . .	11
III. STATUE OF HEBE . . .	40
IV. PRAYER IN THE TEMPLE . .	52
V. PYGMALION AND HIS MOTHER	73
VI. PYGMALION AND ORSINES . .	87
VII. PRAYER GRANTED . . .	98
VIII. STATUE COMPLETED . .	114
IX. BIRTH OF SCANDAL . . .	126
X. PYGMALION AND CRITO . . .	140
XI. DEATH OF SCANDAL . . .	158
XII. PYGMALION KING . . .	175



## PRELUDE.

WHO can extract its secret from the rose,  
Or tell us why the violet glows ;  
Or tulips, why in mystic stripes they flame,  
Why crimson poppies burn in shame ?

ℓ Who shall expound why man with open fate  
Chooses for partner ash-faced Hate ;  
When shy, soft, willing Love, deliciously,  
In warmth and smiles stands blushing by ?

Who can say why bold rulers love to lie,  
And mean ones love to mystify ?  
By what perversity of logic led,  
When truth would stand in better stead !



That Love should turn from Love and paradise  
    To riches, vanity, or vice ;  
Barter the glory of a life's content,  
    Is marvel and bewilderment !

But I will leave to moralists the Why  
    Things unseen are not seen, and try  
Wing'd venture into days remote and old,  
    Till I the mystery unfold

How passion deep, and Aphrodite's aid,  
    Resolved to life that wondrous Maid,  
Pygmalion wrought in marble, by the stress  
    Of worship, to pure loveliness.

## BOOK I.

PYGMALION ardent-eyed, of eager speech  
Which even closest friends misunderstood,  
Was sorely troubled with a passionate hope  
To bring the Gods' own language, sculpture,  
                  down  
For mortal exaltation.

                  Thus mused he :

Men made in marble look but men, no more ;  
But Gods in sculpture are immortal powers  
To whom we kneel helplessly lost in awe.  
Man wrought the men and also wrought the Gods.  
In making Gods doth Pallas give device,  
And Hermes put strange cunning in the hand,  
And Hyperion fill the eyes with light,  
Such greatness shows when mortals work for  
          Gods ?

Thus wandered he in mazes : when perchance  
He caught a seeming clue and onward strove,  
Sudden a blank impossibility  
Closed his advance and drove him wide again ;  
Till effort breeding failure sickened him,  
Who, like a squirrel in a turning cage,  
Found himself where he was for all his pains.

By watchful constancy of tenderness,  
By the melodious pathos of his voice,  
And his refulgent presence day by day,  
Pygmalion charmed his mateless mother's home.  
Nor could her love have spared him, save for  
high  
And godlike quest, or service to the state.  
Mindful, in woman's fondness, of the tall  
Lithe form, smooth sinewy arms, those eyes so  
full  
Of gracious light and sweet attent, came back  
The days ago ; when, with her lord alone,  
Safe in the strength of his nerved arms' defence,

Along the shore they saw sun-smitten waves,  
Casting back light from their long shoulder lines,  
Plunge shattering the beach ; a whispered hiss  
Following the roar in thrall'd monotony.  
And when on shady forest bank he lay  
Tranced at her feet ; a plectrum in his hand,  
By tuneful touch urging the song he sang  
To her as fairest of all womanhood.  
Or, when their city thronged the chariot race,  
A meteor he flashed by, his eyes alight,  
His horses' eyes alight, to victory :  
When all the matrons, all the maidens turned  
Straightway on her to gaze !

Thus with the past  
The blessed present blent, till life became  
One rounded thankfulness and prayer the Gods  
Would hold it whole and scathless to the end.

Beside her household slaves, and those who  
won  
Their freedom by their worth, twelve noble maids

Did suit and service to uphold her state  
And learn from her the management of home.  
All fit observances of time and place ;  
All secrets of the loom ; skill in the use  
Of warp and weft ; their textures various ;  
Colours unchangeable, to each one fit.  
Of herbs : knowledge of food and cordial drinks :  
Pastimes, and exercises : when was best  
To lave their lovely bodies in the sea,  
And race, with garments looped, across the lawn.  
Whatever made them prudent, strong, and fair,  
Worthy to wed with heroes and to rear  
A race of children bold and beautiful.

No greatest painter by the Gods beloved,  
Painting their deeds on their own Temple walls  
Gave more devotion to the forms that grew  
Day after day beneath his subtle hand,  
Than she in fashioning her maidens' lives  
Unto their fullest nature : each one's gifts  
Brightening with use, expanding in the press

Of loving rivalry and sympathy,  
Working together under wise control.

No daughters could love more, or be more  
loved.

Unlike, but all as one when bending low  
They gave to her the simultaneous "Hail"  
Of morning salutation.

Phoebe, dark,  
High-born and of most lofty vein, disdained  
Belief in meanness, save as some defect  
Strange and unblamable, like stench of fox.  
Calliope her sworn friend next, who might  
Be sister, so alike in voice and ways.  
Eos the tender : great blue timid eyes,  
Fleetest of foot ; of such an easy pace  
When at her utmost speed and seen afar  
She looked a drifting cloud. Then Myrrha who  
Would play and sing of dragons, demigods,  
And fields of blood : which, calm Ianthe  
thought,

Might well be changed for men and pastorals,  
Corn-laughing harvests, flocks, and dulcet grapes.  
But gay Metharme doubted ; vowed that blood  
Was manly ; that foul dragon's blood enriched  
The soil and brought forth heavier crops ; that  
men

Were born to slay and dragons to be slain.  
Euphrosyne would rather sing of light,  
How the God made our world afresh each morn  
With new-born flowers, new strength to man  
and beast,

Then smiled in dazzling splendours his farewell.  
But Thisbe, olive-hued, whose Sire had come  
From far-off sunny lands, wondered what dark  
Drear fate was on the God he dwelt each night  
With darkness and with Death ! Or can it be  
He goes to lands unknown and shines on men  
And other maidens at their tasks as here ?  
A wealth of sumptuous grace was Smyrna,  
who

Murmured to stately Clytie " Dreams again :

Our Thisbe's Eastern dreams!" "Nay, Western  
say,"

Cried sprightly Neis, "for thence the God  
departs!"

Aglaia meek, gentle in all her ways,  
Took truest note of every duty charged  
And kindly aiding was beloved of all.

Each maiden had her well-appointed work,  
Either to weave; to measure seeds, or oil;  
Direct the corn-grinding; stow safe the fruits  
Sun-dried erewhile, or in wild honey kept.  
Some cleared the garment-presses to espy  
Amid care-woven wool, linen, or silks  
If moth made havoc. Numbers variable  
Of slaves, or women freed, suited to needs,  
Obeyed each maid's command; doing all rough  
And lower labour: but the sacred Gods  
No slave on pain of high displeasure dares  
Finger: Aglaia, she whose white hands fell  
Softly as snowflakes on a windless day,



Reverently, with lightest zephyr touch  
Of swandown plume, beats off the summer dust.

A ruler born ; tho' mistress of each art,  
Wisely the matron at no labour toiled,  
But held a watchful eye on every maid,  
With guidance here and gentle pressure there,  
By hint or look, by tone, and words of cheer  
Kept the mixed household one harmonious  
whole.

## BOOK II.

BEYOND a cloud of pines the chambers stood  
Where toiled Pygmalion. Loftily they rose  
And widely stretched ; by the curved pathway  
grew

Laurel alternately with honoured bay  
On either side in pairs : between each pair  
An oleander gorgeous in the bloom  
Of rosy light gladdened the massive green :  
While flanking all gigantic cypresses  
And olives huge in gnarled antiquity  
Made an elysium for the birds of heaven.

It was Pygmalion's wont to rise at dawn,  
Reach the lone shore and plunge into the sea ;  
And after joyful buffet with the waves  
Begin his labours with the singing day.

At times he wandered far along the sands  
And drank the radiant beams as from the  
waves

They flashed in light and laughter to his feet ;  
Wondering how man with such a heritage  
In splendours manifold, his own each day  
For ever, passed that span 'twixt birth and  
death

In hate, and wild beast clutchings after gain  
Through wild beast slaughters ; giving scantily  
To love, and loveliness, and kindly acts !

Or he would range the forest solitudes  
To meditate by what new feats of art  
That ever-present beauty haunting him  
Could be in substance bound and manifest ;  
And how the life that beamed in all he saw  
Could be made beam to others as to him.

These lapses from close labour nerved his  
will,

Which, quickening half-born dreams and  
thoughts obscure

To living truths, gave him the strength he  
craved

Whereby to animate the forms he wrought  
With nature's varied movement ; pause and  
play

Of impulse : complex outwardly in strain  
And laxity alert. Armed with this power  
The damp impressible clay glanced into light  
Along the tendons' length ; hardened to bone ;  
And tightened straightway into comely shape  
Beneath his certain touch. Hard marble  
changed,

In softened shadows rounding tenderly  
To firm elastic life : and what anon  
Was but as chaos beamed a new delight  
More lasting than all beauty born of man.

Pygmalion now was working to reveal  
The wonder of great Aphrodite's birth.

How raged Lycurgus at the proffered gift  
Of Dionysus. How Prometheus bound  
Was spared the vulture's beak by Heracles.  
And how rebellious Titans overthrown  
Writhed shattered under Zeus omnipotent.  
These were the deeds he conned, and strove to  
show  
On four great walls of marble pure and white.

## CYTHEREA.

Uprisen from the sea when Cytherea,  
Shining in primal beauty, paled the day,  
The wondering waters hushed. They yearned  
in sighs  
That shook the world : tumultuously heaved  
To a great throne of azure laced with light  
And canopied in foam to grace their Queen.  
Shrieking for joy came Oceanides,  
And swift Nereides rushed from afar  
Or clove the waters by. Came eager-eyed  
Even shy Naiades from inland streams,

With wild cries headlong darting thro' the  
waves ;

And Dryads from the shore stretched their lorn  
arms.

While hoarsely sounding heard was Triton's  
shell ;

Shoutings uncouth ; sudden, bewildered sounds ;

And the innumerable splashing feet

Of monsters gambolling around their God,

Forth shining on a seahorse, fierce, and finned.

Some bestrode fishes glinting dusky gold,

Or angry crimson, or chill silver bright ;

Others jerked fast on their own scaly tails ;

And seabirds, screaming upwards either side,

Wove a vast arch above the Queen of Love,

Who, gazing on this multitudinous

Homaging to her beauty, laughed :

She laughed

The soft delicious laughter that makes mad ;

Low warblings in the throat that clench man's  
life

Tighter than prison bars.

Then swayed a breath  
Of odorous rose and scented myrtle mixed,  
That toyed the golden radiance round her brows  
To wavy flames. When lo! sweet murmurings  
Spread sudden silence on that gathered host!  
And, as sped arrows to their mark; as bees  
Drop promptly on the honey'd flower, as one  
Shone the three daughters of Eurynome,  
Aglaia, and Thalia; each an arm  
In reverence taking fondled tenderly;  
Then pressed their blushing cheeks against her  
breasts:

And loved Euphrosyne, scarcely less fair  
Than Cytherea's self, lay her white length  
Kissing the sacred feet.

Such honour paid  
The powers of nature to the power of Love,  
Creation's longed-for Wonder sprung to life!

Now, as a man lifts up a little child,

Placing it down where he would have it walk,  
The wave of mighty azure forward driven  
By magic impulse sheer in downward slope  
Fell, then drawn backward sank, and was no  
more ;

Leaving the Goddess on her Cyprian coast.  
And when her feet first touched the trembling  
sand,

She fired awakened Earth's remotest veins  
To strange ethereal ecstasies ; as birds  
Brighten to clamour by the fires of morn.

Thus to Pygmalion beamed the wondrous  
Birth ;  
And this in pure immortal marble he  
Laboured to show ; bound by those rules of  
Art  
The Wise had found inexorably fixed.

#### DIONYSUS.

When Dionysus, flushed triumphantly



From Indian deeds, rich-bronzed by Indian  
suns,

And riotous in delightful lustihood,

First touched the shore of Thrace ; around him  
thronged

His large-limbed, cymbal-clashing nymphs ;  
rough fauns

Braying horn trumpets ; ruddy satyrs danced,

Clicking their hard hoofs on the harder rocks :

Weak-kneed Silenus, puffing, on both sides

Upheld by grinning slaves, who plied the cup,

Wherein two nymphs squeezed juice of dusky  
grapes.

Bright girls and agile youths curvetting wild

On leopards, bitted, straining gilded reins,

Nigh touched the God, lolling on tiger huge,

Silent of footfall, tawny flamed and striped ;

He with his ivied spear pointing the way.

Stout baby boys, bestriding frisky goats,

Clutched fast their horns when arching up to  
butt ;

Rolling each other under perilous paws.  
Behind walked modest maids and men sedate  
Whose charge it was to bear the nurseling  
vines.

In logbuilt palace grim Lycurgus, King,  
Scornful of corn and oil and every fruit,  
Ate flesh himself had slain. He hunted sure,  
Tracking his prey by signs to certain fate.  
Came unto him the din : first faintly heard ;  
Soon swelling into loud uproar that burned  
The blood within him to a warlike rage ;  
When, seizing nearest weapons, head unhelmed,  
Clattering spear on shield, he rushed without  
And to his people shouted vehemently.  
Hastily arming, wondering, on they came,  
Obedient to the call ; fast they formed rank ;  
Led by their King fast strode to meet the  
God.

When Dionysus saw this threatening front

Advance and pause, the King's eyes darting  
fires

Of anger under knitted brows, before  
He put his helmet on and fastened it ;  
Lightly he left the tiger's back, to meet  
And offer make the King, in accents soft  
Of nurseling plants that seasonably would grow  
Abundant grapes and load his land with wealth,  
Thro' which his people might by interchange  
Take toll of others' best ; and thus increase  
Their gladness : so, by multiplying needs  
Quicken their energies to wider range  
Of action ; growing greater with the march  
Of timely circumstance, that ever aids  
All willing workers towards some statelier end.

Whereat Lycurgus smiling ghastliwise :  
This then your plea for bursting on my lands  
Without leave asked ! To give my men a boon  
Which swells them in their own esteem to Gods,  
But leaves them beasts, without clear-sighted-  
ness

Of beasts. We are content to feed on flesh  
Provided by the Gods : but not content  
To scrape, and scratch, and dig the earth for  
food,

Like slave that knoweth not the use of arms.  
Fruit is for babes ; flesh for the teeth of man.  
Behold your bloat Silenus ! What unstrung  
The sinews of his knees, that scarcely bear  
The over-burdened weight above ? To steal  
Man's strength, and give instead unwieldy size :  
Is this your boon !

With other states we will  
Not deal save with our swords and spears.  
And last,

As touching this exalted life you vaunt,  
How fared it with Damascus, good old King ?  
Who would have saved his people from this  
taint

That fouls the blood to weakness, sickness,  
death ;

But you corrupted them ; and him you slew !

How of his skin? Was it to leather tanned  
To hold your grape juice stored! Owls! Owls!

I say,  
Owls! And down spears!

Then, as a sudden gust  
On corn, hurtling fell down the spears as one  
To deadly point of menace.

Shifting round  
His wolfskin; right arm free forth leaped the  
King  
And cried the charge.

Stepping some paces back,  
Nearly as Powers who know the future can  
Be struck amazed at acts of mortal man  
An instant in immortal sorrow gazed  
The God surprised. Then from his features  
flashed

A lurid lightning glare portending doom.  
Lowering his lance whilom at shivering poise  
He moved stern-visaged towards the ocean  
cliffs.

Now whistling shrill, winged death in volleys  
flew ;

Now charged the press of spears in level line ;  
Now crashed the storm in shouts and shrieks  
and cries ;

Huddling confused they clambered interlocked  
Hindering escape. Quick-eyed Lycurgus sent  
Swift-footed bowmen to outrun and head  
Inland the rout before they made the sea.

When Dionysus saw Necessity,  
Before whose presence Zeus himself must bow,  
Oppose his cherished plan, and Hope saw not,  
Scaling an ocean crag he cried aloud

Woe to the mortal who assaults a God !  
Fear ; palsied madness ; some outrageous death !  
Come the Erinyes soon : I hear their wings !

Then at Lycurgus hurling his green spear  
Thro' metal shield and right uplifted arm ;  
He plunged down headlong in the plunging  
waves,

Where Thetis, by the mightiest Gods beloved,  
Calming the waters saved the God from hurt.

Thus saw Pygmalion Dionysus' gift  
Roughly rejected by Lycurgus, King.  
And this in pure immortal marble he  
Laboured to show; bound by those rules of Art  
The Wise had found inexorably fixed.

#### PROMETHEUS.

Prometheus lived not wholly God nor man,  
But nobler far than all the Gods of heaven,  
Save one, Pallas Athena, whom he loved;  
And she, The Wise One, loved Prometheus. But  
Not as the love of mortals was her love,  
Nor loves of other Gods.

He, Titan, dared  
Encourage man against the harsh decrees  
Of Zeus, who minded they should cease to live,  
Being base, and restless, asking, helpless things.  
As one decrees whose tillage has been cropped  
With seeds and roots unsuited to the soil,

But brooding pity great Prometheus moved  
At men's poor efforts to endure a war  
Opposing adverse fate. He saw their lands  
Smiling in ripening corn and tended fruits  
Ravaged by one great storm to uselessness :  
And when the suppliants prayed almighty Zeus  
For help, no answer came but blank despair.  
Saw swarming hosts, lacking one ray to light  
Their blindness, close in deadly strife, till soaked  
In blood, and thinned by loss, their argument  
Is solved in desolation. Famines saw  
Conjunct with foulness breeding pestilence ;  
Floods overspreading uncontrollable,  
Sweep them to sudden and resistless ruin.

He saw their anguish. As they had no choice  
In their own birth, they were perforce released  
Of shend or blame in their wild ways forlorn :  
Where ignorance paced by them step for step,  
With chance and danger dogging at their heels.

Prometheus, he of all the Heavenly-born,



Alone felt sympathy for wretched man.  
By grief emboldened he Athena sought  
And kneeling to her Presence made his boon :

One ray to guide these gadding wanderers ;  
One spark of fire divine that they may melt  
Their metals, bake their corn, and roast their flesh ;  
For you best know, O Goddess, your clear word  
Brings scattered many into strength compact,  
And turns the front of blind antagonism.

Grant you the fire and I myself will show  
How metal red shall run like melted wax  
And harden into spears. Hard must it be  
For pigmies with their clubs, and flint-made  
blades

Fighting with lions, boars, and savage bulls ;  
And hard to eat their flesh, like lions, raw ;  
Their tasteless, unbaked corn.

The Titan's zeal  
Made great Athena smile : amused, she asked  
If next his prayer importune would for bees,

Which store their food and also eat it raw :  
Or if for goats, to arm their horns and feet  
That they may war with lions.

Bending low,  
He looked so meek and sad : he could not  
smile ;  
He spoke not ; eyes alone making appeal  
Once more.

Not love of man, but from deep love  
Of him Prometheus she her promise gave  
Of counsel : promised he should snatch the fire  
From torch of Eros, thunderbolt of Zeus,  
Or from the car of Helios seize a spark.

And when at length thro' fears unspeakable,  
Tho' shadowed by Athena's dreadful shield,  
He snatched the fire and brought it down to  
man,

The wrath of Zeus was thundered thro' the hills,  
And shook the base of heaven. So fiercely  
flew

The fire throughout mankind, he saw no less

Than deluge overwhelming the whole world  
Could quench it now. And as relentless Fate  
Decreed this could not be, his rage he turned  
Against the godlike Thief, and punished him  
With pain more dire and unendurable  
Than e'er was known either by God or man.

After Prometheus had for ages borne  
The tearing of the demon's eagle beak:  
Whether remembrance of high service done  
When the leagued Giants made their huge  
assault ;  
Or tired to hear his yells of agony ;  
Or that he from the Titan's lips had learned  
To dread the offspring of his Thetis loved ;  
Great Zeus at length relenting sent his Son,  
Strong Heracles, to slay the fiend, and set  
Prometheus bold, the mighty Titan, free.

The feathered demon flapping in the dust,  
The Sufferer delivered. The wild joy

That Naiades brought down from mountain  
streams :

Dryads and Nymphs with long uplifted arms  
Shouting their exultation he was free !

This was a scene that charged Pygmalion's soul :  
And this in pure immortal marble he  
Laboured to show ; bound by those rules of Art  
The Wise had found inexorably fixed.

ZEUS.

Ere the omnipotence of Zeus was known  
By every Power of Earth, and Sea, and Air ;  
The Titans, who had sometime been a law  
Each to himself, bore the outrageous load,  
Enforced authority ! Their ancient joy  
Was gone ; their old prerogative to lounge  
Through the long sunshine ; or to work at will.  
The galling need to worship what they loathed ;  
Or seem to worship, which they loathed yet  
more ;  
Made brooding hate grow deadlier day by day,

And deepen in the dreamings of the night,  
When the mysterious fires of darkness burned  
Watching the fates of Titans and of Gods ;  
Till anger burst in flame ; and all as one  
Were bent on war to battle for their own.

Great Zeus beholding vapour rise to cloud  
And thicken dark to threatening storm among  
The furious Titans, to Athena spoke  
Asking her aid and counsel in the strife  
Impending. If on Mount Olympus they  
Should wait assault ; or to the plain descend  
And crush the Giants there.

Athena thought  
It best the Titans came to waste their strength  
Climbing the steep and overhanging crags ;  
For even Titans scale not heights as these  
Without fatigue ; and when fatigued more light  
The work to slay them. Help she would  
demand  
Of skilled Prometheus, so that he may smooth

Our heights more inaccessible to grip  
Of feet and clasp of hands : and, Titan born,  
He knows their fighting ways.

The Thunderer smiled  
Benignly that his might redoubled through  
His Daughter, Wise, and bowed his head  
divine.

The secret purpose glowing in his soul,  
Unwearied, wrought Prometheus. For he had  
With sure fore-knowledge seen the Giants'  
doom,

And hoped by serving the Olympian Gods  
To claim for wage a spark of Heaven's fire.  
Without this hope, even his love for Her,  
Pallas Athena, scarce could make him front  
In death-determined contest his own kin,  
Playmates of yore, rough, and untamable.  
But for his pigmies, who fast multiplied,  
And waxed in force with every watched-for  
chance ;

He was invincibly resolved to win  
The vital spark by which alone they might  
Be lifted from the brutes.

Therefore toiled he  
Incessantly ; shaping huge blocks to fit  
One on the other close, and side by side.  
Not straight, as falls a stone, was built the  
wall,  
But sloping, as a spear that stands at rest ;  
The outward face against the danger smooth  
By chiselling square and true. When piled a  
height

He knew inviolable, Prometheus, now  
Served by the Cyclops three, in caldrons vast,  
With fires of roaring forest trees, that breathed  
A thousand years of sun, hewn short to logs,  
Rough metals melted, white, and red, and gold,  
And poured the burning splendour from above,  
Filling up every joint and crevice down  
To the foundations on the living rock  
In solid mass compact ; which stretched across

From mountain wall to wall. While sheer  
behind

Hung cliffs, accessible alone to flight  
Of eagles, or the wings of drifting storm,  
Leaving but one way for the huge assault.

Since the great Earth from Chaos first was  
hatched,  
And fledged herself in wonders sun by sun,  
And moon by moon, no wonder held the light,  
Filling the day with such resplendent awe,  
As when the Titans armed with oaks, up-  
wrenched,  
And lumps of rock, enormous, forward moved  
In even paces towards the huge assault :  
And the Olympian Gods awaiting them  
In range for action !

Brighter than clear noon  
Shone Zeus ; within whose hands quivered the  
bolts  
Of thunder-fire flashing impatiently .



While on his right Pallas Athena stood  
Well nigh as tall : her dreadful shield behind  
Her thrown, its horror toward the cliffs : Her  
spear  
Looked a fixed star emitting baleful light.  
He who made Ocean tame, Poseidon, great  
Earth-shaker, by his Brother's side, aloft  
His ocean sceptre held as he would crash  
The rock-bound world. Ares his whole length  
lay  
Watching the Titans' march. And hovering  
round  
The bird of Zeus hung darkly over all.

Their shouts uniting made a howl that  
mocked  
Olympian thunders, or deep ocean's rage  
At utmost press of storm ; the Giants' rush  
Began in breathless climb, in desperate  
leap ;

Their monstrous sizes looming on the heights  
Like moving worlds. Some stooping tried to  
reach

Help to their brothers. Hindering fragments  
some

Tore off to fill and bridge a rift profound :  
Vainly all shoulders join to heave aside  
A mountain mass.

Severely smiled the Gods  
At useless efforts, seeing them descend  
Adventuring afresh.

Then Pallas, winged,  
Half fiend, uprose scanning around, and saw  
A path whereby the plain at length was free  
Reaching unbroken the Olympian wall.

Awhile the Titans panted ; their tried hearts  
In throbs of muffled thunder beating doom.  
Vast crags upheaving, brandishing whole oaks,  
With every root upwrenched ; they with a roar  
Like earthquake, in stupendous bounds, their  
weight

Shaking the earth that seemed with them to  
move,  
Rushed on their fate making the huge assault.

At this uproar serenely gazed the Gods  
Expectant. Striding forth, Enceladus  
Hurled a great rock aimed at the brows of  
Zeus,  
Whose bolt in mid air shivered it to dust,  
Dashing its fragments in the Giants' sight ;  
Their rocky masses, now thrown wide and wild,  
Fell harmless.

Then by Styx, the Thunderer swore,  
This soon should end, and let his lightnings  
play.  
His bolts scored ghastly chasms through their  
flesh ;  
And death flew in the shafts of Heracles ;  
While Ares stamped his foot and shook his  
shield,  
And thro' the nearest sent his joyful lance.

Pallas, the Giant-fiend, seizing a rock,  
Winged his way upward with the fell intent  
To crush the brain of Zeus, whose eagle saw,  
And, darting high, swooped on the Giant's nape,  
Tearing his head.

To free himself the fiend  
Let fall the stone, which struck a Titan dead,  
And, mad for pain, alighted on the space  
Held by the Gods : where, neither pain nor hate  
Glared through his eyes when on Athena fixed  
He at her garment clutched with vulture claws ;  
She, drawing back a pace, regarded him.  
She did not face him with her Gorgon shield.  
She did not frown. Her look was worse than  
death,

When, poising spear, the irresistible,  
She crashed him through the brain.

With sudden strength,  
Almost of Heracles, Silenus dragged  
The carcass to the wall and rolled it down.  
Sprang the lost Giants on the lifeless bulk ;

Some kneeling down for others to mount higher,  
Hoping their wrath might scale the hopeless  
wall.

And lo ! By frantic bounds, two hard-strained  
hands

The wall grasped tight ! Swifter than falcon's  
speed

The blade of Ares clove the knotted wrists ;  
And dropped the vast bulk down the heaven-  
built wall.

The ruined Titan falling, with him bore  
His clambering brethren in a tangled mass  
That burst the earth up like a splash of  
waves

With thund'rous sound, and momentary night  
Of dust. In heaps uncouth the Giants lay  
Slaughtered, or writhing from the huge assault.

Thus saw Pygmalion Titans overthrown ;  
Some writhing yet among the huddled dead :  
While Zeus above, His Powers on either side,

Stood with His ready bolts omnipotent.  
And this in pure immortal marble he  
Laboured to show ; bound by those rules of  
    Art  
The Wise had found inexorably fixed.

### BOOK III.

IT was Ianthe's duty every noon  
To bring Pygmalion bread, and fruit, and wine,  
And place them in the chamber where he  
wrought.

At times she saw he heeded not ; so bound  
Unto the dimly formed uncertain things  
His active chisel laboured to release  
From their confinement in the marble world.  
She dared not break the spell : and quietly  
Returned unnoticed. But more often he  
Graciously owned the care and gentleness  
She day by day bestowed. Then would she  
pour

For him the wine : offer the bread and fruit :  
And maybe tarry to behold his skill  
Translating into substance visible

Love's tenderness, or passion's smouldering  
depths.

How shaped Aglaia's cheek against the charm  
Of Aphrodite's breast. How the sharp lines  
Of agony Prometheus must endure,  
Tortured less cruelly his spacious brow :  
Or gloomed the shades of power more deeply  
calm

And terrible within the eyes of Zeus.  
Well pleased to watch from time to time the Gods,  
And others, cleared of their embarrassment.

His Mother with Ianthe came one day  
In azure June to watch her son at work ;  
For she had fears unceasing toil might fret,  
If left unminded, her Pygmalion's strength.  
She would press on him nourishment, and plead  
He took more rest and sportful exercise.

They found him mounted higher than the  
ground



Working at Cytherea's smile. His floor  
Was overspread with mat, the Matron's slaves  
Wove of green rushes, soft of pith, that he  
Be spared unnecessary noise, even noise  
Of his own footsteps, in those rarer moods  
When thought is striving to complete itself.

Pausing, the Matron and Ianthe watched  
Admiringly, the chisel's dainty play  
Soften the valley 'twixt the cheek and mouth,  
Sweeten the laughter rippling thro' the lips,  
And fine the chin to rarer witchery.

They might have waited long, for he was  
lost  
In Aphrodite's laugh and loveliness,  
As they were well-nigh lost regarding him.  
But prudently the Mother curbed her joy  
At her son's handcraft ; and solicitous  
That her main errand proved not profitless,  
Signed to Ianthe, who poured out the wine,

And asked,

Will you drink wine, my Lord ?

He turned,

Gazing as one awakened from a dream,  
Eyes on the maiden fixed. Descending, then  
He to his Mother bending reverently,  
Kissed her loved hands.

Ianthe, drink will I !

Without libation would I drain a cup  
That should Silenus shame commanded by  
One so imperiously meek ! But now  
You looked as a great Hebe meet to fill  
His goblet for high Zeus sitting enthroned !

Moved in the pure white blossom of her cheeks  
A tinge of rose : taking the cup she placed  
It down ; then brought him bread and fruit.

He cried,

O mother, give me your assent and I  
Will carve Ianthe as she stood erewhile  
Pouring the wine, a Hebe, child of Zeus  
And Hera, pouring nectar for the God !  
In her deep eyes there shone an upward awe  
As though she gazed at Zeus gazing at her.

The matron smiled, and said, if Hebe he  
Must carve, Eos the tender was most fit ;  
Being of lighter form, and what would seem  
To men the figure of immortal youth.

Eos were well, my Mother, were I bound  
To make her fill the cup for Heracles,  
Or her own brother Ares. But I mean  
To make her serving Zeus her Father, who,  
Throwing his thunders makes Olympus shake ;  
Ianthe's gaze alone for him is fit.

Your work is hard, my Son ; your health  
will fail  
If worked to overstrain.

Fear not for me

O Mother ! Labour in its fullest force  
Heightens the blood ; gives to the limbs their  
strength,

And scales by storm the noblest heights of  
thought.

It is the daily cark and constant dread  
That fret the body down to wretchedness.  
But feel this arm, and judge if that be weak !

She laid her hand upon his lissom arm,  
Fine on its surface as the myrtle flower,  
Hard as the shoulder of the proudest horse,  
First in a chariot race. Though thus assured,  
The Mother felt his shot beyond her range.

Now daily came Ianthé to repeat  
The posture for Pygmalion which he chose  
For youthful Hebe when she filled the cup  
Of Zeus. Hard was the Maiden's task, for she  
Flinched not at tingling nerves and throbbing  
pulse ;

Tho' dizzy oft from the continual strain  
Of keeping motionless. He, all absorbed,  
Regarded her but as a beauteous shape  
Aiding him in the Godlike counterfeit,  
Unconscious what she felt. Amazed each day  
By fresh perfections dawning, he, each day,  
More resolutely toil'd. The gracefulness  
And pride of her long rounded throat, his hands  
Changed into awkwardness by mimicry.  
The arches of her shoulders ! Could he touch  
On curves so exquisitely drooped, their sheen  
Of movement tremulous ! In despair he sighed,  
Avowing it impossible for hand  
To trace the lines in full variety  
Throughout the space of that majestic breast ;  
Of dignity so peerless that if clad  
In the great Virgin's golden armour scales  
They would but seem a suitable defence.

Ianthe, calmly perfect, stood complete  
In youthful strength, whose easy negligence

Of varying grace baffled the captive sight  
To trace her beauties thro' the play and flush  
Of bounding health exulting in its home !

Though uncomplainingly she bore the strain  
Pleased was Ianthe when a slanting ray  
Brightening Prometheus as he lay enchained  
Proclaimed the noon.

One day on going back  
Caught was she half-way in the curving path,  
By gust so boisterous she needs must stop,  
And battling with her fluttering folds, was blown  
Half round, and chancing saw Pygmalion stand  
Within the doorway shade regarding her.

Delightfulness ran trembling through her  
limbs.

An unfamiliar music beat her heart !

She moved without her feet.

Metharme cried

Cheeks apple-blossoms ; and how rough your hair,

Ianthe !

Yes, the wind against me beat  
So forcibly I scarce could make my way.

We saw the struggling. Well knew Boreas  
The sweetness of a wrestle with the charms  
Of one so well endowed. Your garments he  
Plucked at so wildly I began to dread  
We might become like old Tiresias  
When great Athena bathed !

Metharme, hush :  
Pray hush ! The Matron urged ; seeing how  
prompt  
Her Maidens' titter at the quaint conceit,  
Ianthe robbed and vanquished to her own  
White beauty bare, in native comeliness.

Ianthe spoke not but the blush remained.

Doves softly cooing murmurs musical  
Gladdened unseen the darksome cloud of pines :  
Below bright-hued innumerable wings

Carried love messages from flower to flower.  
For Spring's outstretching fingers nearly  
touched

The Summer's welcoming hands. Pygmalion's  
work

On Hebe's statue now was nearly done ;  
Tho' yet her features lacked that splendid gaze  
Of worship which Pygmalion saw, or thought  
He once saw in Ianthe's face, and fired  
The passionate belief he could present  
Immortal Hebe pouring for the God.

While looking on Ianthe's comely sway  
Of body, and her shapely limbs, oft-times  
His spirit sickened hopelessly.

The way

Her large and dainty fingers held the cup  
Would make the taste of nectar more divine.  
The arched perfection of her supple feet  
Might stay the flight of Hermes to be kissed !  
These seemed to him as unattainable



As flight of lark singing in deepest blue  
To creeping unwinged things. But now, alas !  
He could not through her features penetrate  
And find the glory which he knew must dwell  
In Hebe's brow.

Perfect was her face.

From dark gray eyes of dawn the gazer's sight  
Would tenderly on her pure forehead rest.  
Her nostrils breathed a purer air than Earth's ;  
And the clear curves that marked her drooping  
mouth

Would seem of discontent, save for the two  
Full roses midway kissing. Half distraught,  
Remembering how, as from a mystic dream,  
He woke and saw Ianthe, as she stood  
Holding the wine, believed the splendid gaze  
He saw, a remnant of his dream, and not  
Ianthe's own, as he thought heretofore.

Awhile at this perplexed, a tremor crept  
Upon him, for he feared that never more  
That gaze, as at a God, should he behold ;

And mayhap, the bright touch of life divine  
Be wanting to his Hebe.

Therefore he,  
Having the Maiden's features fashioned true,  
Used them no more : but down the inmost  
depths

His memory could sound sought the lost light  
To quicken Hebe's eyes, as though she gazed  
At Zeus upon his throne gazing on her.

Now that Ianthe was no longer there  
A part of daily labour, sometimes came  
The sense of want, or loss, as if the day  
Were chill with clouds. The habit had so  
grown

Of looking to her form for guidance sure,  
Often he found himself at gaze upon  
The empty platform where she sometime stood  
Earnestly bent on giving him all aid.  
And when at noon Ianthe came, the clouds  
Vanished to nothing in the golden prime.

## BOOK IV.

LONGED not Prometheus for the fire of heaven  
Wherewith to solace miserable man,  
More vehemently than sought Pygmalion  
The spark to flash his Hebe into life,  
His utmost stopped at failure ; spent, he felt  
Powerless, helpless, if unaided now  
By gracious favour of immortal Love.

The sunshine in his soul ; his tranquil home ;  
His work, making the high Olympian Gods  
Known to his fellows by their mighty deeds,  
Left not Pygmalion hapless ; though his wish  
Strove ever onwards, urged unceasingly  
By hope and growing powers.

Willing to know  
How others would respect his Hebe's form,

He asked his Mother to bring all her Maids  
To pass their judgment.

In their stateliness

Processional, the Maidens came in threes,  
And pairs ; some cast long loving arms around  
Each other's waists and shoulders. Hand in  
hand

Walked some ; and some half loitering plucked  
at sprigs

Or flowers, or listened tranced the nightingale  
Warbling pathetic secrets all may hear  
And few may understand. The Matron last  
With calm Ianthe came.

Advanced, her son

Had come to meet them in the curving path.  
He hailed them gaily; vowed the blooming Hours,  
Or the tall Graces with the Muses nine,  
Marching together had not looked more fair !

Entering, the Matron and her Maidens ranged  
Themselves at fitting distance ; mute awhile

Ere the twelve-voiced home oracle pronounced.  
Some on the mat, rushwoven, sat them down ;  
While others lounged on seats : some leaned  
                  against  
The farthest wall, holding their heads aslant  
And hands in movement, conned the work by  
                  parts.

Phoebe spoke first, and thought the statu  
                  good :

True to Ianthe's stately grace. A new  
And splendid Temple were a fitting home.

Like our Ianthe, yes, Metharme cried ;  
But is it like young Hebe ? Were it not  
That serving scarcely suits, it well might be  
Her Mother awestruck at the bolts of Zeus.

Myrrha thought gay Metharme just ; and  
                  said

Eos the tender were a fitter form  
For Hebe : being active she could fill  
For all the Gods, and ready be again

Ere the first bowl was drained.

The sprightly Neis

Declared Eos as Hebe would be waste :

No need for such a wondrous length of stride

Passing from God to God. As Syrinx she

Were better far ; though, had the Nymph been  
fleet

As Eos, Pan had worn his clattering hoofs

To stumps before he caught her !

Eos thought

She might be fashioned Nymph of Artemis

To hurry thro' the woods with bow and spear.

Eos, your thought is vain, Smyrna replied ;

Seeing an arrow-stricken stag throw long

Last filming gaze towards the fading hills,

Would wear with tears those great blue timid  
eyes

To redness like his wound.

Next Clytie thought ;

She would not yet say what she thought. To  
her

The statue seemed more like Ianthe than  
A statue. Is it pardonable fault

For statue not to look one? She had doubts.

Pygmalion's hand took Thisbe ; him she  
thanked

With upraised eyes, head gently bending low.

Euphrosyne thought Phœbe's judgment just ;  
But felt with Clytie. Never statue she  
Had seen of man or God to her was worth  
Such warm respect, so pleasant on the sight.  
This was perchance most due to love she bore  
Ianthe : for in truth the statue looked  
Ianthe, but without her charm. Though this,  
Wanting her placid voice and ways, was more  
Than art in fullest flower can fairly give.  
What says Aglaia ?

Meek Aglaia said

The features wanted rarer loveliness ;  
An easier grace to sway throughout the form ;  
A closer fineness in the lengths and joints  
Of those grand limbs to be Ianthe. Though,

These needful changes made, she should regard  
The work as worthy to be named from her  
Who underwent the burden and the toil.  
Day after day posturing motionless  
Many exhausted moons. Her charge, to hold  
The household Gods inviolate, made her,  
Perhaps, note statues more than others. But  
She from Calliope would like to learn  
Her thoughts; for, calm observer, often she  
Sees more than those who talk.

Thus challenged spoke  
Calliope: she longed to make a change  
In name. Instead of Hebe serving Zeus,  
Ianthe pouring for Pygmalion.  
Of fit or unfit no complexities  
Need then intrude to vex and mystify:  
The statue telling its own simple tale,  
Tho' from Olympus brought to common earth,  
Yet faithful to its name, enchants all hearts  
To love, by candour and simplicity.

Then spoke the Matron. All have given theirs,



Now let us hear Ianthe's thoughts ; if she  
Would like the statue named from Hebe, or  
Herself. But just, after Pygmalion's wish,  
Her wishes should be first.

As all agreed,  
They asked the Maiden frankly to declare.

Metharme then :

Ianthe ; hair is smooth,  
Else look you, now, as on that blustering day  
Returning from your wrestle with Boreas,  
All apple-blossom. When we had such dread !

Ready the titter. Dainty shoulders rose  
And shook ; some Maids took instant coughs,  
and some  
Looked gravely wise, their hands before their  
mouths.

Pygmalion's Mother asked why on the cup  
Young Eros sported with Euphrosyne ?

Ianthe, shy and all' aglow, believed  
Pygmalion only knew undoubtedly  
His aim, and if his efforts struck or missed ;  
The name must therefore rest with him alone.  
She postured for him, as she daily poured,  
When bringing food at noon ; in both she hoped  
Aiding his toil : but neither gave her claim  
To take from Hebe, an Olympian God,  
Her name, and glorify herself therewith.

Abundant was Pygmalion's thankfulness,  
Acknowledging the careful scrutiny  
Of the whole noble throng ; he promise made  
To weigh well every hint ; especially  
Of tender Eos, for those lights she cast  
On dark doubts in his soul.

Laughingly, she,  
At speeches I am overmatched, but come  
Down to the shore and test my speed to  
where  
The lion-rock pushes his paws beneath

The waves: ten, your own paces, you shall take  
Before I start.

Nay Eos, you could give  
Twelve, I believe, and then have better chance.  
But know, O fleet One, some are made to  
stand

And fight, and some to run away. But when  
Some blessed warrior calls our Eos his,  
Not by rough capture will he win the prize:  
That must be won by mild approach; for she  
Had beaten great Achilles unequipped  
Though swifter than all Greeks.

With pretty praise  
My Lord makes wonders of his Maiden's gift,  
And hopes, by dazing us, to blink retreat  
And show his skill in words. But will he sing  
With equal fortune if I challenge him  
To contest for a song?

Willingly he  
Would try a verse: taking his lyre in hand,  
With solemn countenance he struck the chords.

Darkly whisper forest leaves  
    When I am sad ;  
Brighter things they say to me  
    When I am glad.  
I would they laughed the gladsome things  
    When I am sad ;  
I should not hate those whispers dark  
    When I am glad.

On bough a white dove gazed at me  
    When I was sad ;  
In grass a serpent gazed at me  
    When I was glad :  
I hated dove to gaze at me  
    When I was sad ;  
I laughed to see the serpent gaze  
    When I was glad.

Then Eos taking her Lord's lute began  
    Vaguely prattle forest leaves

When I am weak and dreary ;  
Mighty things they talk to me  
When I am strong and cheery.  
O reverse them !

I feared a linnet's gaze at me  
When I was weak and dreary ;  
And scorned a serpent's gaze at me  
When I was strong and cheery.  
Why rehearse them ?

A merry clash of laughter pealed around  
As Eos ended. Loud the verdict rang  
The shortest being best ; though something like  
The song before. Pygmalion also laughed,  
Avowing, gaily, that an audience pledged  
To one against the other, could not hold  
The balance true. The Judges therefore he  
Impeach'd of favour to the sacred Nine.

The sentence passed ; the Judgment now  
broke up,

Leaving Pygmalion to his solitude.  
His bitter longing still unsatisfied.  
From noontide's broadest blaze no light for him :  
From spacious clouds, the noontide's chariots,  
Traversing day's eternal dome in long  
White ranges splendid, or receding far  
To ether pale, he saw no God descend.  
When asked, the wandering winds gave no  
    regard  
Adventuring on to wastes remote, unknown.  
The flowers kept fast their secrets why so bright  
And bountiful of sweets. Successive waves  
Told only their own regularity,  
Though ever whispering to the sands they kissed.  
And men in council, or in market-place  
Seemed unto him babbling of emptiness.

Hard unresponsive was the open world ;  
No voice spoke cheer within. At length re-  
    solved  
On craving aid from Heaven, to Her Temple he

With offerings of doves and myrtle boughs,  
Wearied and anxious sought the Queen of Love.

Before a pan of fire on tripod placed  
Pygmalion knelt. All unabashed his doves  
Cooed in their new-found home complacently.  
The Priestess incense burned ; then throwing on  
The myrtle boughs, with feathers chosen, she  
Bade him look on the Goddess fronting him  
With fixed regard ; neither to left nor right  
Swerving, by gaze or glance ; above, below ;  
Nor look behind ; but offer prayer and wait.

Departed then the Priestess ; leaving him  
Alone with Aphrodite and the fire.

The flames and fumes between them : as he  
gazed  
The Goddess seemed to tremble ; Her sweet  
smile  
Wavering to sweeter meaning. He felt faint

For joy ; hazarding an audacious hope  
To hear Her voice responsive to his prayer.

O Goddess, Aphrodite ! Queen of All,  
Thou knowest how I am thy loving slave ;  
And how devoted to thy services  
I have been since my memory's earliest dawn :  
That beauty is to me the worth of life  
Beauty thy privilege, thy very self.

When but a babe my nurse against her  
full,  
Soft, youthful bosom fondled me to sleep.  
My hands in never-ending play about  
Her breasts travelled delightedly, till she  
Kissed me to slumber and forgetfulness.  
This, Goddess, was Thy worship.

Have not I  
Ever been diligent for fateful glimpse  
Of thee in graceful movement ; comeliness  
Of features ; and the captivating forms



Throughout variety's extremest bounds  
In women perfected, and tenderest maids !

When every creature of the living world  
Breathed spring's redundancy, no heart has beat  
More warmly true to Thine enamoured doves  
In breezy pine tops, or on ground astrut,  
Than mine. Thy sparrows shrill in twittering  
flocks,

Tho' waging havoc on my promised fruits,  
Have I alway protected in my love  
For Thee. Myrtles I planted, intermixed  
Abundantly with roses, glowing praise  
And prayer in blushing spaces odorous,  
For worship of Thy love.

In ocean waves  
Thy presence have I felt encompass me  
When they have lashed my limbs to lustihood ;  
Or on them I have lain in perilous sway  
While wondering if the overhanging heaven  
Were azure deep and lustrous as Thine eyes,

Whose emanations fill the strongest Gods  
With tremblings like to mortals smit by fear,  
Or eagerness for onset.

It is told

In ancient stories borne from man to man  
That all the Gods love Hebe. Zeus lets  
play

On Her His gentlest smile ; and pauses ere  
He takes the nectar from Her offering hand.

When She is present Hera looks so sweet

Zeus scarce would honour fair mortality

With grace so freely did She thus remain.

Fierce Ares, He, raising the joyful bowl

Grins His delighted thanks. Poseidon, when

He smooths caressingly Her lifted cheeks,

Declares, that saving Cytherea's self

Old ocean never owned so fair a flower.

And great Athena tones Her mighty voice,

Acknowledging that nectar tendered thus

Proves drinking wise, and wisdom beautiful.

And Hyperion's eyes such fire emit

That Hebe's dazzled eyelids fall as She  
Fills, and ungazing holds the proffered bowl.

Striven have I, O Goddess, to create  
Hebe's similitude as She might stand  
Filling His cup for Zeus. I made her young ;  
Fair in her countenance ; well-shaped in limb ;  
And lightly poised in force of mute reserve.  
But spark divine, the throbbing touch of pulse,  
To touch all other pulses as Her own,  
She lacks, and looks as one who had not woke.

My utmost being done, having so failed  
By mortal effort, I to Thee appeal  
O Aphrodite, in Thy love of man  
To yield the secret, that my handicraft  
May truly show the awe my spirit feels :  
Send from Olympus Life!

Pygmalion ceased.  
His senses closed. And from him parted then

His inmost self to meet the Goddess, now  
Aloof and beaming in resplendent light,  
And shedding azure radiance from Her eyes ;  
She, brightly clad in tissue sunbeam-wove,  
Diaphanous, no charm concealed whereon  
He in his awe sublimely dared to gaze ;  
For, like the sun thro' wavering mists of morn,  
Her beauty pierced.

In rapturous suspense  
Awaiting lips divine to speak his doom,  
Conscious became he of ethereal sound  
That filled the universe with song. Each star  
Joining the chorus in celestial praise  
To her the Queen of life and loveliness ;  
Whose voice came to him like a violet gust  
From breezy earth in spring.

Know you that I  
Breathe in the lilies' perfume : daffodils  
Awake surprise, taking their light from me.

I teach the tender nightingales my thought,  
Rejoicingly they warble in the moon.

I start the thistledown's adventurous quest  
For increase in some happy spot. I nerve  
Doves to such boldness hawks would they  
attack :

And lions soothe to gentleness so fond,  
Harmless they sport as playful butterflies.  
To spin like maids bent I strong Heracles,  
And Zeus I tempted to become a swan !  
I draw his clouds together ; make them fight ;  
Embrace in flame, and breed live thunderbolts  
For Him. I put the edge on war. To peace  
I add the honey.

You have felt my power :

And shown due reverence by sacrifice,  
Fitting obeisance, and observances  
The negligent and savage disregard,  
The burden borne attests the mortals' faith ;  
And hissing flesh on altars rich men give

Often but vaunted unfelt offerings  
Costing the giver not one cup of joy !

The prayers and sacrifices loved of Gods  
Are man's delight in giving up delights,  
And checked impulses of the yielding will.  
Your blameless life has been devotedness  
To worship of my Beauty through your love.  
You, wandering darkly, on a starless waste,  
Tho' worn and sore from stumbling, have not  
paused

In faithfulness, and true to early bent  
Have sought my succour in perplexity.

This my reward, your Hebe shall have life  
And immortality. Far times to come  
Shall sing your story. Not the sweetest dream,  
As stretched you lay on shadowed forest bank,  
Has ever promised such a paradise  
As mine awaiting you.

But hark ! Before  
These high Olympian gifts are yours to hold,

Braced must you be to battle for **your** own.  
Dire hate will strew your path with scorpions,  
And dog you for your life. Foul calumny  
Will taint your name with poisonous lies, truth-  
tinged,

Whereat familiar friends fall back appalled,  
While other loved ones fledge the barb'd lies.

For Gods do not their rarest gifts bestow  
Without sure test and payment. Men cannot,  
In earthly state handle pure truth and fire,  
The means of Gods, and still remain unscorched.  
But you are strong ; the prize shines bright in  
view,

Cost what it may a pathway must be cleared.  
And if you forward press unfalteringly,  
Pallas Athena may beside you march.

Now Cytherea's dulcet chanting ceased ;  
And on his brow Pygmalion felt Her breath  
Touch him like frost or fire, and knew no more.

## BOOK V.

IN lonesome chamber, darkened, hushed, and  
cool,

Pygmalion lay asleep. Beside him sat  
His Mother watchful, listening every breath,  
Timorous and awestruck at the strange event.

The Priestess found Pygmalion stretched  
before

The tripod where the fire was dead, and he  
Himself seemed dead. The Temple Guardians  
bore

Him home, and told all they could tell ; when  
she,

His Mother, soon by arts her son restored  
To life, by chafing ; soothing cordials warm  
And prosperously enticing grateful sleep.



Now she sat by and watched him slumbering.  
No deadliest hate that vigilantly eyes  
Its victim for the grievous chance, could watch  
With keener vision than she scanned each  
change  
In her beloved son, the beautiful.

Her soul ran thro' the past ; when he a babe  
Against her breast would pause to laugh, and  
leave  
His food neglected : while the warlike sire  
Smiling, declared her eyes would starve the child.

Well she remembered when she lost her Lord,  
The dreadful numbness in her brain ; the pang  
That clenched her heart ; and her Pygmalion lay  
Sorrow be-dabbled in her helpless arms ;  
She not unconscious in some time remote,  
That sobbing form might grow a comforter  
To shield her from mischance.

Anon she thought

With terror should Pygmalion pass away,

What would the world be then? No Husband's rule ;

No point of rally in the unmanned house :

A wheel without its tire. Her thoughts sank low

And gathered darkness in the deepening,

While faintness crept within.

Alarmed she saw

Pygmalion start and push the coverlet

Off his heroic shoulders and broad chest,

Asking if it were night ; and why she sat

Distraught beholding him ; and would she lift

Aside the curtain and let in the light ?

She hastened and obeyed wonderingly :

Then told him of the Temple Guardians' Tale ;

His fall before the altar ; how they brought

Him to the house as he were dead ; how she

Had soothed him into sleep ; from which she now

Thanked all the Gods of heaven he did awake

With senses perfect, full of questioning.

Have food for me dear Mother, I will take  
A plunge into the waves, when you shall see  
My appetite is sound whatever else  
May halt ; the rest must tarry now.

She left  
With trembling paces : her full gratitude  
A feast triumphal rich with new delights.

At eventide where they could hear the splash  
And lisp of everlasting waves sat they,  
Pygmalion and his Mother, underneath  
An ancient olive where at hush the wind  
Whispered of peacefulness for evermore.

And there he told her of his sacrifice ;  
How prayer made to the Goddess brought  
response  
In Aphrodite's overwhelming grace.  
Her promise of some mighty good, which  
though  
Certain as fate not thereupon unveiled ;  
Followed by threat of taint like pestilence ;

Friends become foes ; shrunk fear, or sudden  
death.

How horror of unwonted foul despite  
Palsied his steadfastness : sank faint his heart,  
When lo ! the Goddess neared and touched his  
brow

With breath of frost that entered like a spear,  
And nothing knew he more.

She him assured

The Gods were just ; his faith must patiently  
Await their issue. Aphrodite's words  
Would cheer him as a shout victorious  
In effort's closest press. Malignant hate ;  
Backsliding friends, chorussed disdain ; the  
mince

Of small malevolence ; these take O Son  
As tempests ; blight in corn ; raw chills of wind,  
And earthquakes ; hard and burdensome to  
bear,

But in the course of things oftentimes irks more  
Opposing than to loftily endure.

Decrees of Fate outspoken by the Gods,  
What mortal dares gainsay ?

When Egypt old,  
Unglutted from her gorge of swallowed states,  
Rapacious still, sailed with a fleet of war  
On Cyprus to engulph us with the rest ;  
The King and Rulers by a weight of votes  
Assigned your Father the command in chief  
To give their visit welcome. Slighting not  
Old Egypt's power so dread and imminent,  
He made disposal of the Island force,  
No breathing time of loss. Piously then  
To great Athena's Temple went and prayed  
Whatever good the Gods would deign to grant,  
Of aid and guidance to maintain the state  
Against fierce Heathen who abhorred our  
Gods,  
And would their fanes abolish ruthlessly.

He said that as a voice might sound in  
dreams,

These words came to his soul.

Await the foe  
Fast by the landing-place in part concealed.  
Your men rank close in shape of hollow wedge.  
A trusted Leader place at either horn.  
Yourself within the apex give command.  
Move swiftly to and fro on either side.  
Hold well aloof a strong force in reserve.  
The foe when dashed, his every charge repulsed,  
Signal your onset ; charge with all your strength.  
The fairest death is death in victory,  
Gods love the Brave who fighting for them die.

His head was bent in reverence when the  
sound  
Had ceased ; but conscious was he of some touch  
That thrilled and ran throughout his brain like  
fire :  
Whereon he rose, his purpose luminous,  
His resolution fixed.

When leave he took  
Of her, she said, more sweet his tenderness  
Than in the earliest yearning flush of love.  
Whatever might be his appointed fate  
It would be hers to know her sweetness made  
His life a blessing. Should the blade of war  
Cut short his thread, he bade her not bewail  
As he should fall obedient to the Gods,  
Man's highest privilege. That she would find  
The future of their Boy an ample world  
For love ; forethought ; and fortitude to bear  
Changes inevitably born of growth.  
And should she grace him in her memory  
As cenotaph he wished their Son be taught  
His Father's deep immeasurable love.

Then in his arms he took her silently,  
Both rapt in feelings that could not be told  
While Time pulled in his rapid steeds and  
paused.  
When low the sun flashed light in mighty beams

Clouding in glory the Olympian Gods  
High placed for worshipping and household  
Guards,  
The sigh he gave seemed drawn from Hades'  
depths

By one permitted for a task to breathe  
Our upper world ; holding her head between  
His hands, he kissed her brow and wetted eyes,  
Then sharply turned away.

On either side  
Without, the Maidens, servants, crowding slaves,  
Ranged to behold him leave. Each Maiden's  
hand

He lifting courteously kissed ; then bowed  
His kingly head to all around and went.

She watched him up the rutted chariot way,  
Till he had reached where Temple columns closed  
The view : when, turning round his spear he  
raised

And twirled it in an airy circle, as  
If greeting her with triumph ; thus, she hoped,



He went not sad at heart to meet his fate :  
She knew he tried to make her think him glad.

When back were beaten Egypt's smirking  
hordes

In flight confused rushing to reach their ships ;  
Pointing the chase, your Father, strides advanced  
Beyond his warriors, neared so fast the shore,  
Drew on himself a concentrated shower  
Of arrows aimed to cover the retreat,  
And, as the Oracle foreshadowed, fell.

They would not let me see his lifeless form,  
So marred and mangled by the volleyed death.  
But after rite and ceremony fit  
All that was left of my own honoured Lord  
A brazen vase contained : a pinch of dust,  
Fragments of calcined bones, and memory.

The nation's victory was overcast  
And saddened by their Chiefs untimely close.

The King bewailed him as a dearest son  
Who might awhile have shared his throne, and  
borne  
Hereafter the whole burden. Such the trust  
His nature bred,

Here sitting with your hands  
In mine ; feeling their hard and massive size ;  
And interlaced these boughs above our heads  
Thro' whose selfsame intricacies we watched  
Stars lighting their illimitable world,  
I feel almost as if I yet held his.  
But O my son, tho' you have been to me  
More than your Father or myself could hope,  
Not even you could fairly equal him.

There was such reverence in his courtesy  
Acceptance seemed conferring privilege,  
So graciously he owned acknowledgment.  
And all his kindly acts came in the course  
Of nature ; not as efforts meant to please :  
And gratitude awakened glad surprise  
That life so teemed in blossoming delights.

His courage ; wisdom ; and his fortune he  
Held but as trusts the state might call upon,  
And not as private rights to sacrifice.  
Therefore the King and Best exempld him  
As worthy for their sons to imitate.

You are, Pygmalion, flawed with moodiness ;  
Strange spells of absence from the world, as  
though  
You dreamed in daytime while the limbs perform

Unerringly. Sometimes I fear mayhap  
Wanting a Father's firm control, who would  
Nip freakish shoots and regulate increase,  
Have left to wander wildly tendencies  
That might have flourished to a kindlier crop.

To hear my Father praised, and thus, by you  
O dearest Mother, gives me sure foretaste  
Of what the Oracle so surely told :  
For never heretofore have I rejoiced  
With such a full and bounding throb of pride

As now you tell of his heroic death,  
Saving the state, commanded by the Gods,  
Slain, but not conquered. For such men as  
he

Ride on the wings of Victory ; or they  
Enter the gates of Death as Conquerors,  
Invincible in life.

In these strange moods  
Sometimes I feel 'the Gods hold me in thrall  
Disclosing laws larger than govern states.  
Of truth's eternity : the accident  
Of time ; the nothingness of space ; the force  
Of pure resolve. The fate of reckless ones  
Who disregard their signs and oracles,  
And omen pregnant with their wills sublime.

My heart were pained, O mother, could I  
think

In common paths my duty halted lame.  
But dare I plod blind and unheedingly  
When light immortal opens on my sight ?

The light of stars in his rapt lustrous eyes.  
His tenderness ; even poor slaves his care  
Protected often from deserved mishap.  
The fire of strength, his resolution swift !

Thus mused the Matron ; hands still clasping his,  
Remembering his skill in warlike arts ;  
Severe devotion to his godlike work ;  
She owned, although strangely dissimilar  
From her great Husband's constancy of worth,  
Not less, but other was Pygmalion.

## BOOK VI.

RELAX Orsines, your left arm relax :  
In that which holds the spear I want your  
strength.

If this you tighten you draw force from that ;  
And Dionysus meant a deadly wound  
When pointing steel at grim Lyncurgus King ;  
Compel your strength where strength will best  
avail.

So spoke Pygmalion to his willing friend  
Who stood as Dionysus. Light his love  
For sculptured forms and mimicry on walls ;  
But as a graybeard with a favourite child  
For love will join his pastimes and pursuits,  
That otherwise were moil and weariness,

Orsines loved to posture God or man  
Aiding Pygmalion's service to the Gods.

Thus on they toiled thro' many a summer morn :  
One's ardour warming to lay hold and show  
That force the other did his best to give.  
One day they argued on the people's press  
For power, which turned against them to their  
bane

Unguided by the Best. How wantonly  
Their abject faith in mouthing demagogues  
Noised empty phrases into oracles,  
And gave base maxims vogue by utterance.

Orsines thought these bubbles might be  
touched

By spear and sword with profit to the state.  
To cut off thistles ere they flower and seed  
Saved wasting soil and spared the labourer.

Nay, nay, Orsines, you a warrior trained

By daily exercise in warlike feats  
Tend to resolve all tangles by the stroke  
Of steel. But steel, O friend, will scarce suppress  
A rising tide ; or backward push the sun  
Because forsooth his beams too fiercely burn !  
Against the tide we must protect our shores  
By driven piles ; and stones in sloping walls ;  
And quays of solid strength. Then tides become  
The servants of our greatness, bearing ships  
Exultingly to conquest ; or in peace  
Enriching us by gathered merchandise.  
We must not throw sharp sand against the wind.  
No ; we must strive to guide not stay this growth ;  
For tho' we are in our high state the flowers,  
The people are the mighty stem whereon  
We live and grow ; or perish if cut off.

Orsines thought Pygmalion must hit true  
As, tho' in arms by far his overmatch,  
He beat him worse in words and arguments ;  
And meekly prudent ventured no reply.



Pygmalion asked what did Orsines think ;  
Would lengthening our bows by one good span  
Increase the force within the men's control ?

Orsines said the attempt were dangerous.  
The men might hold the force well in command,  
And aim as truly as at shorter range ;  
But if attacking over greater space,  
With sword and spear, their breath might fail before  
The close, and profit thus the waiting foe.

Ianthe, radiant, entered while he spoke,  
With wine ; and bread ; and fruit ; these plac-  
ing by  
She said,

May I pour wine for you my Lord  
Orsines ?

Rough and simple warrior he  
Would take of wine, yea verily he would.

And as she offered him the well-filled cup  
He reddened to the roots of his black curls  
Vowing he fain would pour for her instead.

A strangely ordered Ganymede would you  
Make my Orsines with your knotted beard  
And hands of sinewy grip. Old stories say  
Hephaestus once poured nectar for the Gods,  
And made Olympus with such laughter shake  
The wrath of Zeus in thunder scarce had made  
A greater uproar. But of Ares yet  
I have not heard he so amused their feast.

Orsines said that maids so often poured,  
And tended on the wants of men, that men  
Might change at times and tend upon the maids.

Janthe looked amazed at words so sleek  
From Chief so rough. Pygmalion laughing cried  
It is our Island's lack of war that tames  
Orsines into peaceful courtesies.

Both gazed upon Ianthé as she moved  
Across the chamber to the doorway where  
Beyond the day was shining bright and still.  
When, while her figure moved dark and defined  
Against the outside glare, both inwardly  
Felt there was something yet more fair than light.

Orsines told Pygmalion how alway  
His Mother, older and in lassitude  
Beyond Time's warrant, urged him constantly,  
In mild pathetic plaint, that he would bring  
Her home a daughter to her loneliness,  
As she had never since my Father fell,  
The day your own great Father met his fate,  
Much mingled with the cheerful world without.  
She yearns for children's laughter in the house ;  
Her breast is dry for longing. Pattering feet  
Would be as music to her heart. The clasp  
Of tender little fingers ; kisses soft  
That baby lips give sweetly, as the prankt  
Delicious honeysuckle utters sweets

To every wandering zephyr that demands,  
Her pent-up desolation would, she says,  
Release in new-born joy of young delights,  
And she again partake of blessed life.

How comes it my Orsines you so fail  
Fulfilling her such reasonable hopes ?

It comes Pygmalion from the hindering fact  
That though I have seen many noble maids  
Too good and fair for my rude warrior ways,  
Yet have I not seen one who strikes my soul  
With sense of possibility that I  
Could pass untired with her my lifelong course  
Till now; when suddenly, as I saw her,  
Ianthe, asking should she pour for me  
I felt I could for ever with her dwell  
And she would be my home. Therefore, as  
you

Are Lord and Guardian of her fate, I ask  
Permission to declare my suit, and take,

If graciously received, the Maiden home  
To cheer my Mother with delightful hopes.

What ails Pygmalion ? You are deadly pale.  
Your hand is on your heart !

I know not what :  
The heat, maybe ; but as you spoke there came  
A dagger in my heart that cut in twain  
Its very substance, so it seemed to me  
For one brief momentary hell. Tho' now  
The pain is loosening slowly and I feel  
Blood throbbing in my veins. The Oracle  
Of Aphrodite claimed full recompense  
For some strange good to come, and now, per-  
chance  
Payment begins in pain.

This large request  
Of yours somewhat astounds by suddenness.  
My judgment must be calm and cool ; I must  
Consult my Mother's will ; the Maiden's self

And her own wishes must be sacred held.  
These must be known and weighed before I  
durst

Give even my Orsines promise fair,  
Or aid to gain the splendid prize he craves.

The Maidens and my Mother are so bound  
Together, that to pluck one from their midst  
Will seem to them like pulling down their home  
In wreck and ruin. But ever on creeps Time,  
Or stalks with giant strides. Those cherished  
most

Leave us to shape their destinies, maybe  
By us seen never more. Or we leave them  
Driven by passionless Necessity.

To-morrow ere the sun has set expect  
Me at your house with message of your fate.

Lonely and sad Pygmalion left his work  
To pace the solitary strand, where wave  
Incessantly repeating wave soothed him  
With movement in monotony. The shriek

Of wild sea-fowl passing athwart the blue  
Cried of some unborn sorrow yet to rise  
And pierce his life with helpless agony.

How came it Gods made mortal future dark,  
Unshielded, blind against the ills to come?  
We know our aspirations: who can tell  
If ever one will have the wings to fly  
And reach attainment in the living day!

We grope, and dream of light, as moths are  
heard  
Tapping and scraping in the chrysalis  
To gain the outer air. And gained, what then?

Came to Pygmalion's memory when a child  
He heard a moth scrape at his prison-walls  
With energy unflagging. Worn, at length  
The side began to tremble to and fro,  
Scarcely a film, which the small creature burst  
And struggling out, all moist and crumpled,  
clung  
To his sometime tomb. Motionless awhile

The warm air dried his wings, to gorgeous hues  
Expanded : these for a time he fluttered,  
Then half an arm's length rose, and wavered  
back.

This did he thrice, then paused. Last, gallantly,  
In power complete and noble sweep arose ;  
But reached not more than half the tree's height  
ere

A darting bird from out the branches seized,  
And gorged him in mid air. This pirate, too,  
Had ears and eyes in watching for his prey,  
Whose first flight from his dusky prison-house  
Was to his grave in that rapacious maw.



## BOOK VII.

Breathe, O breathe, ye perfumed lilies,  
Worshipping great Aphrodite !  
Shout and sing, O nightingales,  
Giving voice to Aphrodite !  
Her's the power that binds his breath  
When the lover's accents fail !

Thus chanted troop of girls at morningtide,  
As towards the Temple they, with roses piled  
On baskets, went to worship Cytherea  
In loosely ordered march. Some on their heads ;  
At arms' length some ; and some resting on hips  
Their baskets bore ; while other loads so large  
Took two young girls to carry one between.

In strange perplexity Pygmalion heard

The chanting girls, as he was passing near.  
The chant seemed but the echoed Oracle ;  
And he, bewildered, wondered if in dreams  
The sound had mixed ; or had divinely come  
From Aphrodite as the voice of Fate.  
Would ever Hebe bring the fire from heaven ?  
Should he the Treasure find, and foul despite  
Crawl withering on his track like pestilence ?  
But after much vain thought and wandering,  
Seeing by shadows' fall and city signs  
It lacked but one good easy hour of noon,  
He loitered homeward on Orsines' suit.

True to her time Ianthe entering  
Saw Lord Pygmalion not at work ; instead,  
Pacing with silent footfall to and fro  
The spacious floor. She placed the food and  
wine,  
And moved towards the doorway, when he called  
Bidding her stay ;

I, maiden, must perform

A task, a duty; right it may be called.  
I want your keenest ear ; it may be fate.

He was abrupt; his words were harsh; no ring,  
Or gentle intonation in his voice.

Ianthe felt a dull cloud on her soul  
That shadowed her without significance,  
And stood in silence waiting.

He began,  
Orsines tells me that he loves you well,  
And ask'd my aid to make his wishes known.  
His Mother wants a daughter, he a wife,  
And you, he hopes, may fill the wants of both.  
My promise was that I would lay his wish  
Before you and my Mother ; you to choose.  
What say you, Maiden ?

I wish not to wed.

Orsines is of birth high as your own.  
Before our Island merged its petty Kings

In one great Kingship, reigned his ancestors,  
Ruling a vast and fertile stretch of land.

Birth would not tempt a Maid. And lineage  
high

Maidens of lineage take by right, as they  
Take food and air ; but not as privilege.

But my Orsines, he is brave beyond  
Most men. He blithely would give play to three  
And beat them off with loss.

Brave men are brave  
In nature's course, not brave for us alone.  
A bull mightily guarding cows in mead,  
Show him another bull, or garment red,  
And judge if he is scant of bravery.  
Loose on him leash of dogs from Ithaca,  
Behold if they that quality will lack !

Once when your Father watched his woodmen  
fell  
A blasted oak that sucked up nourishment

And darkened out the sun from ripening vines ;  
Was heard a crash, a torrent-roaring rush,  
From which a monstrous boar, aflame with eyes  
And gleaming tusks, and bristling horrent light,  
Made towards them down the slope. Swift as  
a bird's

Wingbeat, your Father fronted him and poised,  
While, as the horror furiously charged,  
He, swerving, just escaped with graze on hip ;  
Then with a woodman's axe, in both hands  
clenched,

He stood astride awaiting the return.

But when the baffled monster checked his course  
And raging plunged to make the charge again,  
Your Father, with unerring mighty stroke,  
Drove in the blade between his fiery eyes  
And slew him with one blow.

Such bravery  
The man exalts : prompt adjunct to his will ;  
His sacrifice ; and readiness to foil  
The possibilities of dark mischance !

Maiden, your thoughts are wise and truly spoke ;  
And he, Orsines, mates those lofty words.

Young maidens must not flinch ; they owe  
the state  
Some service ; wed they must to rear up sons  
For work and war, and daughters to delight.

A Maiden does not cast so far before,  
And such concernings leaves in Hera's charge.  
Hurt am I Lord, in being followed close  
From point to point by chasing arguments ;  
Thus made to turn and double like a hare  
Before remorseless hounds, to save myself.

Pygmalion was appalled.

Ianthe hurt !

That were indeed disgrace and wrong,  
he sighed.

Gazing he looked so woebegone, so lost,  
The Maiden's soul was smitten : mournfully

She spoke;

Pardon, my Lord ; I would not wound  
You in return because you wounded me.  
But Maidens are not made to love against  
Their natures. Arguments can never change  
A hawk to meekness, or inspire the dove  
With lust of rapine on the feathered race.

I have no thoughts of wedlock. When I wed  
My love must come as worship ; not for one  
Whose character and worth may be defined  
And read like any act of daily life.

Divinest sympathies are pre-ordained  
By some eternal Power we wot not of ;  
And should we violate their sanctity  
We sink to lower state : our happiness  
Curdles to self-contempt, and we are slaves.  
Unversed am I in loves and marriages,  
Having no Mother, Brother, Sister, Sire,  
And knowing only your own Mother's love,  
And love of all her Maids.

This know I sure,

The man who wins a noble Maiden's soul  
Must noble be himself. Suffices not  
The dexterous use of bow and threatening  
spear ;  
Nor staunchest loyalty to King and friends ;  
My hero makes the region he commands  
The richer for his life, and dying leaves  
Open the path of his adventurous feet.  
For Godlike effort thus alone marks man  
From beasts, that eat their way thro' age to age  
Unvarying, each like each. Regard your own  
High, difficult, and stern, laborious art.  
What was it in the olden time when Greeks  
Content with blindly imitating forms,  
Limb-bound, and lifeless, of Egyptian Gods,  
For generations made no step beyond,  
Till Daedalus with new Promethean fire,  
Carving the stubborn blocks of wood and stone  
To limbs detached, gave to his images  
The air of will and motion ! Rude, uncouth



They were. But they had life, the breath of Gods!  
And to be truly man a man must be  
As Gods ; to make, and to create, and live  
At one with nature. Happy he whose soul  
Aspires to dwell in that eternal calm  
Where knowledge sees confirmed results ere yet  
The fashioning hands have touched. His life  
becomes  
Akin with higher Powers ; his spirit fit  
To stand before His throne and gaze on Zeus.

Ianthe !

O Ianthe !

Treasure found !

My Goddess ! O my Dearest ! Thou art She !

Then at her feet he fell. She bending  
clasped

His head close to her heart, as it had been  
A tender little babe : gazing abroad  
In terror mute.

And when he spoke  
So strange the sound he knew not his own voice ;  
And felt removed into another world,  
As he some other was.

Soon rising, he  
Took her two hands and stood removed the  
length  
Of both their arms ; and on her countenance  
Now wet with tears, stared hard in wonderment.

Then lifting up his heart, that until now  
Had been a weight of pain, he spoke to her :

How have I been, O loved Ianthé, blind !  
The longed-for ripe perfection of my life  
Here manifest before me day by day  
Between the dawning and the setting sun !  
And I from circumstance, not wilfulness,  
O well may you believe, have seen it not !  
But having found the Resting-place of this  
My anxious self I will not wander more.

My Hebe, my most loved One ; I beheld  
Now, when you saw Olympian Zeus enthroned,  
And happy spirit gazing on His power,  
Again the look divine I saw before,  
And dreaded was the fragment of a dream  
I never more might see !

Do you in truth,  
In very truth, your Maid Ianthe love ?  
And do you feel that she can give you joy  
Thro' lifelong changes to gray fall of age ?  
Or is it your wild rapture at some grace  
Discerned in me that may advance your work  
Makes you thus utter such bewildering words ?

Ianthe ; should the Gods of heaven combine  
And offer make me of an added charm  
For you, in stature, strength, or loveliness,  
Or some sweet witchery I know not of,  
So much I love you I should ask the Gods  
To leave you perfect as I see you now.

The Maiden cried, Now my Pygmalion, I  
Know that you love me !

As she spoke she fell  
Like a spent fountain at Pygmalion's feet.

Sweetness and tenderness the words he  
spoke

To her held lifted in his powerful arms,  
And as he bent to kiss her drooping mouth .  
He saw the glow of one white pouting breast  
Rose pointed, proud, with glimmering azure  
laced,

Too fair for touch or even mortal glance,

While holding her within his arms he sighed  
And whispered low love's immemorial tale,  
To her attention tranced ; he saw the pure  
Pale countenance deepen in colour till  
Her beauty glowed a rose in perfect flower ;  
And splendour like a garment covered her.  
Now burnt the dark gray eyes of dawn in full  
Meridian glory : Lustrous flashes flew,

And pierced his heart throbbing tumultuously  
Like a thing captive by the hunter struck.

Herself releasing softly from his hold  
She went and stood upon the platform where  
So often she had postured for her Lord,  
And, no way conscious, she the attitude  
Of Hebe took, asked should the statue be  
Smitten to life ; should Athens, and should  
all

Proclaim him the first Maker of the world,  
At such a time would he not feel it rash  
To have her taken for his wedded wife  
Ere his pride knew the swell of victory ?

Ianthe, I have faith in Aphrodite.  
The Treasure have I found ; the Life will come.  
Light effort now carving the lines that fire  
The marble into passion, brand the thought ;  
I see them now clear and determinate.  
You hold the fire ; I see the glory burn !

Should every State of Greece, with Athens  
proud

To head them, crown me King of our whole  
race :

Should all the Gods in conclave ratify,  
And after make me an Olympian God,  
No other would I love, none take but you.

Now to my Mother ; I will tell her Fate  
Has crowned me with the diadem of joy.

His left around her waist, his right hand held  
Both hers ; they proudly thro' the doorway went  
Along the curving path : their stately forms  
More seeming demigods than man and maid  
On this our common earth. They overpassed  
Where once she saw within the doorway shade  
The Lord Pygmalion stand regarding her.

The memory of that delightfulness ;  
That unfamiliar music in her heart ;

Again she lost her feet, and saw herself  
In bygone solitude with Echo nymph,  
With Dido, Ariadne, and Medea.

When they had reached the chamber where  
the Maids  
At various tasks around the Matron toiled,  
Pygmalion cried aloud,

O mother, I  
Have found her! Hebe She is come to life!

The Matron and the noble throng as one  
Cried in amaze

Your Hebe come to life!

The palace slaves and servants standing by  
Cried in amaze

His Hebe come to life!

Forgetful of respect some left in haste  
With arms high-spread proclaimed the wonderful.

The city loiterers alway agape  
For new births, shaped, or shapeless, as may be,  
Rehearsed the cry, till some declared they saw,  
Or knew some who had seen, in clouds of fire,  
The Goddess Aphrodite pass into  
Pygmalion's chamber. But what there took  
place

None but himself and the dread Goddess knew.  
But certain was it that the Statue walked  
Straightway from his workchamber to the house,  
Pygmalion's arms bound fast about her waist :  
For all the noble Maidens saw ; and saw  
The servants and the palace slaves, and cried  
All with one voice

Your Hebe come to life !

Also for certain the great Matron cried,  
O Hebe ! O Ianthe ! Am I mad !  
And fell down in their arms, and likely dead.



## BOOK VIII.

THE disk of Hyperion barely stands  
At span above the ocean line; I must  
Haste to Orsines and report his fate.

In calm Ianthe's charge Pygmalion left  
His Mother resting. She had been distraught  
In her amazement when Pygmalion came  
Godlike and beaming with Ianthe, red  
In newborn radiant love, crying aloud  
Hebe had come to life! And all as one,  
Repeated Hebe, She is come to life!

Amazement fled in joyfulness, when she  
Knew that Pygmalion and Ianthe loved,  
And suddenness closed sense with its excess.  
Soon came the light back to her happy eyes;

The blood again soon pulsed in pleasantness,  
Under the Maidens' and Ianthe's care.

Hail, hail, Pygmalion! You are light of  
step.

The firm exactness of your tread speaks power  
That would us mortals hold at high command!

Say not so, my Orsines. Sad the tale  
For you I have to tell. Ianthe loves  
Not you but me. Instead of gift divine,  
Fiat of loss I bring, and baulked desire.

Look not so dolorous, Pygmalion.  
The loves of maidens are like scents of flowers,  
In giving forth their sweetness each complete.  
If the tall lily scorn to gathered be,  
The drooping jessamine perchance may shower  
Her stars upon me bright and odorous.

Stain not that lovely face with tears. Believe  
Me when I say more proud am I that thou

Pygmalion, Maker of great Gods ; strong Lord  
Of bow, and spear ; warcraft, and ancient lore,  
Shouldst make the peerless One, Ianthe, Wife,  
Than had she willing come unto these arms,

To whisper in your friendly ear, I was  
Half frightened of success. I feared that she  
Were far too strong for my poor hands to hold,  
And winged for regions I could never make.

Noble Orsines, from my heart you ease  
A pain I feel had wrung your own to know.  
Some other where and when, not now, I will  
In parcel tell how I my Treasure found.  
But O my well-loved brother, I am grieved  
That joy like mine should not be joy of yours,  
And that for you there is no Resting-place.

I hold it savours of discourtesy  
To shoot conjecture through a maid's reserve ;  
As though her secrets were but things of chase,  
Untended, game for any venturous shaft.

But what to wantonness devoid of weight  
Should be forbidden, to the Guardian lies  
An open path ; not only charged with right  
Of entrance, but with need to act and serve  
Her, who perforce, must helpless be herself.

You know I love my Mother's noble Maids  
Each one and all as they my sisters were :  
But one so tender, and so young, so meek  
In her wild timid ways, mayhap I love  
Above the rest ; and she I think loves you.

The visage of Orsines now turned pale ;  
And eagerly he forward bent to hear.

Eos the tender, we the Maiden call,  
Of great blue timid eyes.

Pygmalion ! Say  
You do not fool me with these precious words !  
O Eos, loved One ! O my Soul on Earth !

Long, long ago, my dearest Heaven-sent  
friend,

I thought I loved young Eos. Ever shy  
She seemed of my rough presence ; in the house,  
Or in the myrtle walks, and Temple Feasts.  
I felt but a shagged mountain bear that strove  
To woo a great-eyed fawn, or shining swan.  
Resolved I would not fright, or be her bane,  
I closed my heart against her once for all.  
Till now I have not swerved from my resolve,  
Thinking my ancient interest in her dead :  
But now ! O now ! And may I hope to win ?

Orsines, you will win. But hearken first :  
I almost grudge that even Orsines should  
Command the tender Eos. Few who live  
Can know in her the depth of tenderness !  
So daintily attuned, that instrument  
Responds in music to the faintest breeze ;  
While harshness would distract the chords and  
make

A jangle of her nature. Gentle be  
Your touch of her Orsines ! Low and soft  
Your voice and words ; your meaning ever kind.  
Then in your household will be light and  
flowers,  
And a sweet bird singing throughout the day.

Orsines' head sank in Pygmalion's neck,  
Long there he wept for very, very love.

Now with a certainty untroubled wrought  
Pygmalion on his Hebe. Great his joy  
To raise the wonder in her brows. To make  
The shadows dark within her upward eyes :  
In those fine nostrils breathing purity.  
Pressing the mouth to longer droop of curves  
Above the prow of her imperial chin.  
These now in his fierce energy were but  
As trifles. Chisel edge could scarcely touch  
Ere the obstruction vanished as a cloud.

Yea, yea, he cried, the bowl divine should be

More firmly pressed ; for risk there must be  
none

Of waste in shaking the Olympian cup !  
More tightly bound the joints; the dimpling be  
Less spacious and more softly widened forth.

Aglaiia, she was right ; throughout the lengths  
Of the grand limbs perfection closer yet  
Must I effect ere they afford the grace  
Of Hebe or Ianthe. The long sway  
Will suavely come in lightening her waist  
Both on the outward curve and inner line.

This knee ! In fineness dare I venture more ?  
The heartshape of the cap: ah! just a shade!

Yes ! Even a daughter and a Goddess feels  
Something of tremulous in face of Zeus ;  
Therefore this foot more pressure must admit,  
As witnessing ethereal power that warms  
And animates the whole immortal form  
Of God obedient to the Thunderer's will.

Pygmalion's statue was completed, and  
Crito, his own and Father's ancient friend

Came to demand the statue might be shown  
Unasked for to the people as a boon.

Pygmalion cared not, he indifferent was.

Ianthe, who with Crito entered, said  
Nowise indifferent, my Lord, art thou.  
The matter has not fairly caught thy mind  
And claimed attention due. Thyself hast said  
That men who do not show their works when  
done

Are either conscious of their worthlessness,  
Or treat with traitorous scorn their fellow men.  
For they assuredly stand traitors stark,  
Refusing thus their miserable best  
To their nativity and kindred race.

Lofty Ianthe! Crito cried ; entranced  
Am I to hear you strike heroic chord.  
Our noblest dames too often hold their part  
Enough to safely move on footworn ways,



Curbing adventurous sally in their Lords.  
Not thus, Pygmalion knows, is our great world  
Made greater. Not by smiling effort down ;  
Or wailing when her Lord takes spear and shield  
To slaughter lions, boars, and savage beasts  
That rage and ravage to the herdsmen's loss,  
Wasting the country's wealth ; or meets his foes  
To save her lovely self from slavery.

True words are thine, Lord Crito ! I have heard  
Pygmalion ask what rank would ours be now  
Had Orpheus never sung his songs divine.

For he, King of the living Lyre, and Song,  
Opened with music our astonished sight :  
He put amazement in our souls to know  
The life in rocks ; the spirit in each tree ;  
The sweetness in the flowers themselves enjoyed.  
He made the waters bound in frolic mirth,  
Or calmly flow contentedly to sea :  
The storm-entangled forests lash their limbs  
And roar in stern triumphant harmony.

We are awake ; we are no longer dead !  
Taught us, confiding brutes we kill to eat,  
Own gratefully the strokes of gentleness.  
That when the wild birds peck from infant hands  
Affection more than want entices them.

He sung that man slaying his brother man  
To sate the bite of individual wrath  
Was murder ; and for others' safety he  
Who slays is banished, or tastes death himself.

Men were but brutes until Prometheus gave  
Them fire from heaven. But when they metals  
used,

And baked their corn, and made their dwellings  
firm ;

How were they more than brutes save in the  
strength

Of hardened points, and many bound as one ;  
Till Orpheus sung them into sympathy  
With forest flowers and lisping forest leaves :  
With following creatures, that as helpful lords  
Regarded men who reared them for their use ?

Fitting it was the nightingale should sing  
Above his grave who sang so sweetly here.  
Who sang wild man to worshipping the Gods,  
The dread of Hades, and the pangs of crime !

Pygmalion said there was no longer doubt  
The statue must be shown, but when and where ?  
He would not have an ever babbling stream  
Disturb his working hours throughout the day.  
What says our Crito, wisest Cyprian Lord ?

Your chambers then are closed against the  
crowd.  
Meseems Ianthe has first privilege :  
The statue is of her, whose judgment sound  
Will sift the circumstance and find the place.

Ianthe challenged thus pronounced its doom.

As I was the unconscious cause my Lord  
Began the Statue : and as day by day

I gave him my best aid in posturing :  
And when we had our best done that he failed ;  
And that responsive to his pious prayer  
The Goddess Aphrodite promised gift  
Of life ; that, not till then, could he make clear  
The vision in his soul ; it seems to me  
My Lord's relation and my own the same.  
Nor he nor I have in the statue right  
But as the ministers of higher Power.  
And therefore I, Ianthe, now pronounce  
The Statue be with ceremony fit  
A sacred offering to the Goddess made,  
And placed within her Temple for all time !

O blessed Ianthe my soul goes with thine !  
Pygmalion cried ;

and Crito, pleased his word  
Had borne a perfect blossom sweet to each,  
With utmost reverence he dared believe  
That Aphrodite through Ianthe spoke.

## BOOK IX.

DREAMS are not always dreams as understood.  
Fore-runners often they : first strivings dim  
To handle things yet formless, or unknown.  
While thus our souls full on adventure bound  
Wing to encompass untried regions, new ;  
Encountering Fiends opposed ; or graciously  
Led by sweet Spirits safe to golden heights ;  
Our bodies lie as fast asleep, or dead.  
But not the will, that beats at strongest flight !  
You did not dream Pygmalion : your soul heard  
The song of Nature sung ; the kindling truths  
Told by the Goddess. We are instruments  
Selected to convey the Gods' behests,  
They play us as they please.

This Crito told

Pygmalion as they with Orsines marched  
Processional, to offer thanksgiving  
To Aphrodite for her mercies shown :  
The newborn life ; the love She had vouchsafed ;  
And in Her Temple had his work allowed.

The Matron Mother next ; on either side  
Were Eos and Ianthe. Paired, the rest  
Of noble Maidens came. Them following  
A host of palace servants, each of whom  
Held myrtle sprig or the red rose in hand.  
Brightening each side the march a line of  
girls

Kept paces with them, chanting songs of praise  
To Her, their Queen of love and loveliness.  
Flanking the Temple steps, behind the Priests  
And Temple Guardians, stood in double lines  
A hundred warriors on each side ; their spears  
And burnished shields two living streams of  
light

That awed the dazzled multitude, agape  
With admiration. Far beyond these lines

Were seen the crowds ; their heads astir they  
looked

Like plains of ragged growth moved by the  
wind ;

But noiseless, save for buzz and murmuring hum,  
Expecting some deep mystery disclosed.

When all the Temple entered, to the last  
Whose claims the Priests allowed, and doors  
were closed,

Bursting the noontide silence rose a cry  
Whose shivering echoes struck the city walls,  
Startling far women at their spinning wheels  
With wonder if an earthquake were afoot !  
While sucklings dropt their mothers' breasts to  
cry.

Hail Lord Pygmalion whom our Goddess loves,  
And brought for love his statue into life !  
Hail to the Matron and her noble Maids !  
And hail ye Warriors who do honour him !  
And hail again, to Aphrodite, Hail !

Thus the great populace approval voiced,  
Proud that Pygmalion's triumph was their own.

When in the sacred walls had been performed  
Each ceremony and observance due  
The march went homeward.

Now broke up the crowd  
As stirred their various wills. Their daily tasks  
Hurried some off at speed. While others  
lounge  
At ease on Temple steps and drank the sun.  
Mostly they clung in groups. Rank and  
bemired

Some idlers from warm wallowing indolence,  
By fits and starts grunted of this or that.  
Pleased to vent ignorance of things august,  
Some discussed hotly ; others prophesied  
That henceforth statues all would come to life !  
Was this a prodigy for once and all ?  
If made to live would price of statues rise ?  
What all would come to Gods alone could say !



Garrulous, and by smug listeners girt, there  
sat

One of the dark deposits seething vice  
Precipitates from scum in swarming towns.  
A shape most like a blasted trunk, whose  
limbs

Are withered boughs: the only brute life  
shown

One yellow tooth, and two red glittering eyes.  
She, unto one, a citizen, his bulk  
Far wider round by measure than his height ;  
His jowl from chin hung larger than his cheeks :  
Small nose and eyes and wide capacious mouth.

Aye, aye, the Best ; we know what means  
the Best.

Eating best meat ; drinking best drink ; best  
clothes

To spoil ; the best made by hardworking  
hands !

This is the Best they wot of. In what else

The Best, it passes me to know ; and I  
Have age upon me and I ought to know !

At this protested blandly, he so round.  
They have their merits, as of course defects ;  
They buy of us and we sound profits make.  
Let us not quarrel with our meals ; but eat  
All we can get, then look about for more.  
No, no, the Best I cannot wholly hate.

The fell tree-trunk declared that hate to her  
Was what she breathed : she hated all the Best.  
Look at this Lord Pygmalion ! Was he oaf,  
Or sleek time-server ? He, the Temple, that  
Could well afford to buy, his statue gave :  
Spoiling the statue market, these rich Lords !  
Who ever knew the Priests to buy if they  
Could sate their wants without ?

Was it to hush  
The crime ? For all know what he did. Ha !  
Ha !

Prayed Aphrodite give his statue life !  
The life he gave was blood. He stabbed the  
maid  
Who loved him : and he mixed her blood with  
clay,  
And with that clay he made his statue live.  
Prayed Aphrodite ! Aphrodite knows  
More natural ways of making shapely maids  
Than killing maids to mix their blood with clay.

Roundness remarked it was not well to rail  
Too boldly at the Best : scoffs might by chance  
Bounce to their ears : they might think well to  
shift  
Their purchases and other purses fill ;  
A change too horrible ! Let well alone ;  
Let well alone say I ; for thrive I do  
And grow the bigger for it as you see.  
Look at Pygmalion and Orsines ; large  
Most true, and tall ; but bones compared with  
me !

With that, self-satisfied, his Roundness  
swagged

From side to side, like vessel over-poised,  
Cargo too heavy and too scant of keel,  
And swagging swayed himself lost in the crowd.

Meanwhile the vulture in that blasted trunk  
Clutching thin air her scorching hatred barked.

Behold young Bacis, my own daughter's son.  
She was well shapen till one of these Best  
Fathered her boy : like Ariadne then  
She took drink comfort in our island wine,  
And grew bloat, dull, and purple. He, the  
Best,

Gave us the gold King-likenesses we loved.  
But when cursed steel let out his life in war  
Our fountain dried : we did the best we could.  
She did her best ; but bloat and purple red  
Draw young men less than whiteness, strength,  
and shape.

Discomfited with failure, more she drank ;  
Swelled larger daily ; caught the plague, and  
died.

Young Bacis left, my withered shoulders bore  
The luckless load. Bright as a fox that boy.  
Fox his sharp features ; fox his peering ways.  
Many good meals he brought me, tho' where got,  
Like a true fox my foxey would not tell.  
He would have grown a lion would that fox,  
For get he would, somehow ; would get and  
save ;  
When having saved and scraped a heap of  
wealth,  
What is he but a lion among men !  
This sneak ; this sleek Pygmalion what did  
he ?  
He took him from his gutter playfellows ;  
Sent him straightway to school : there had him  
taught  
The statue-making, as he had a gift,

They called it !

Foxy sharpness, with the eyes  
To see what safely may be snatched, a gift !  
Blind, blind these Best ; as blind as we are  
bright.

Shame, shame, the listening Chorus cried, to  
take  
Him from his gutter playfellows to school !  
To make a statue-maker of a boy  
Who might have saved and scraped a heap of  
wealth !

Inspired by choral sympathy, the fowl,  
The dry gray fowl barked more from blasted  
tree.

And when my fox's sharpness learned the  
art,  
Outstripping all the elders ; what was done  
By this my Lord Pygmalion called of Best !

Much wanted he, the boy, to make a strip,  
A narrow strip of wall, with figures cut  
Thin, flat, and laid along its utmost length.  
No toil could ever make him lag fatigued.  
Sheepskins he took, scoured bright and clean ;  
                  these stretched  
He tight and firm on frames, then drew the  
                  forms  
Of men and maidens going to sacrifice  
On horses, in proud chariots, and on foot.  
In one part was a Fury marked ; the fox  
Made my face into hers! This world! this world!

                  This plan was shown the Priests. A word  
                  from him,  
Pygmalion, would have given my boy the work.  
But did he give that word? I tell you, No!  
Lip-gnawing jealousy, cold rankling there,  
Would not allow a spawn of gutter drab  
To brave it with the Best.

Panting, she paused.

Shame, shame it was, the Chorus cried, to stop  
The spawn of gutter drab from beating Best !

Then ! what did Bacis do ? He sank adown  
From greatness he had never reached, because  
That jealous Titan blocked his proper path.

O gold and purple that he might have won !  
O brazen chariot, and O sweetest wines !  
O maiden with the wealth he might have wed !  
And now what does he do ? Makes little gods  
For dwelling-houses where the pay is small.  
So I, instead of wearing linen fine,  
Bordered with flowers in hue and threads of  
gold ;  
And having slaves to watch my every wish,  
Must spin and drudge ; or beg and steal and  
drudge.

Thus midden-heated, hatched the festering lies  
That bred in multiplying swarms, and wove  
A cloud of hatred round Pygmalion's name.



Some fat and full-blown, dashed with strains of  
truth,

Catching to careless glance, and shallowness.  
Some crawled the dust intent ; by wriggling hard  
Fixed themselves tight in unexpected ears.  
Others winged-born, and swift, in hovering buzz  
Sought places from the rubs of life worn bare  
To strike their pitiless and poisonous stings.

Pygmalion, who unwitting this dark web,  
Fine-meshed, far-reaching, was around him  
wrought,

Began to wonder friends he loved right well  
Seemed shy or cold, or made abrupt replies  
To common questionings of daily life.  
Still passed them lightly by for fancies bred  
Of over-charged endurance, such as his  
Had lately been.

But when recurrence made  
An evil meaning hideously bare,  
He could no longer doubt an origin

For this estranged affection. Clear survey  
Then taking of past years and latter days,  
He saw no conscious act or circumstance  
In which he had been part could fairly raise  
A coarse antagonism edging on  
Malevolence. Distrust but once aroused,  
The lightning from a cloud no swifter went,  
Nor straighter, nor more certainly than he  
To his determined aim, now fixed to track  
The mischief to the midden whence it sprung.

## BOOK X.

WELL timed, Pygmalion, is your coming here !  
I wanted some clear judgment on this shield.  
First note the size is larger than prevails ;  
Centre more raised, while smoothly at the rim  
Returning forward in a gentle curve.

Now, you will ask, O Crito, why this change ?  
And my reply is what these eyes have seen.  
In many a stubborn contest ; arrows sharp,  
And mightily thrown spears, have glinted off  
And struck the men behind, sometimes to death.  
Whereas this curve would check the shafts so  
they  
Fell harmless, or at worst would swerve length-  
wise  
And strike those near ; but blow from staff of ash

Is unlike prick of steel.

Fair on its face

Your new device, and fair the arguments :

But why allow so many seasons pass

Ere you, O Crito, brought your shield to proof?

My reasons are but these. In battle's crash  
We scarcely heed a thousand things we see,  
So grimly set on holding to our lives,  
And taking those opposed. The fighting done,  
The other thousand things we have to do  
Leave scanty time for memories. At length,  
When order reassumes authority,  
And we ourselves can give to our affairs,  
Instead of wandering in the past, we find  
The present swallows up our energies  
Healing the gaps in fortune ; or by use  
Of fortune's favours we have gained by war.

But when a man is old, and knows his time  
Now short among his fellows, comes to him  
Desire to do some service ere he die.

And in this sunset of my life old friends  
In arms, dim shades of ancient long-ago,  
Come thronging, faces pale, regarding me ;  
And one slain by a spear glanced from my  
shield

Brought this device to mind. And now I hope  
This may save others in the years to come.

But stay : Pygmalion does not look himself :  
Your eyes move restlessly ; your face is pale :  
Safe the great Matron's and Ianthe's health ?

At those loved names a ray of pleasantness  
Lighted his countenance as he replied :

Of pure and perfect health as birds in song  
But I am somewhat troubled by cold smiles,  
Or no smiles, and coarse scowls instead ; but why  
And wherefore nought can tell. Friends I  
thought kind,  
Who hitherto responded graciously  
To courtesies of mine, now darkly smirk ;

Or mince the countenance to acrid stare ;  
Or standing by forget Pygmalion lives.  
Another passing drops his face on breast  
Plunged in profoundest thought ; whose thought  
erewhile

Had never risen beyond his sandal strings.  
And twos will talk of things above my head  
As if too high for me to understand.  
Or if I question some give half replies  
And start away on sudden business bound.  
Others in laughing converse, when I near,  
Cease, and compose their masks to unconcern.  
While much of this I have for long observed,  
And passed it by as fancy, or as chance ;  
But now at length I know there must be root  
And widely spread to grow such evil fruit  
Of rudeness, spite, and hate, so come to you,  
My wisest and most ancient friend, for help  
To dig this mandrake from its hold and  
find

The planter, and to what his purpose trends.

Pygmalion, no hot-brained witling you !  
Quick of offence, and ready to resent :  
But calm and equable in intercourse ;  
Less willing to reprove than take reproof :  
And gentle often when you might be stern  
With reasonable profit to your state :  
Therefore, maintaining justice of your plaint,  
I know some mischief-workers must have  
sown

What bear these Protean discourtesies.

Some rumours have I heard the statue men  
Are disconcerted by unseemly fears  
Their markets may be broken up and closed  
Should this new art of making statues live  
Kindle the people to demand of them  
Like statues they would dread to undertake.

These rumours until now I flouted off  
As meaningless ; vagaries ever rife  
When any new thing fires the populace.  
My business now I make to search and probe  
This ulcer ; nor will stop till I release

The aggregated mischief ; or discern  
Its nature and its cause immediate.

I have a sister's son, an orphan now ;  
No vice has he, but skittish as a colt ;  
And, save in things of weight, heeds me no  
whit,

In statue matters more especially.  
He drifted in and joined a knot of youths  
Fierce in archaic quaint proclivities ;  
Brazen of speech, and truculent in stare  
On those infatuate, blind to Iris wings  
In dusty darkness ; in hoar ignorance  
The wisdom and the wit ! And age with them  
Must be far back indeed ; for Daedalus  
They hold is far too free ; his statues have  
Too much of motion for archaic truth ;  
The only truth select ones care to know.

Of this same sportive youth I will command  
He sift archaic friends, and make research  
To learn what this base comedy may mean.



To-morrow, the next day, or after that,  
Should I not strike the vein before, I will  
Disturb Pygmalion at his God-making  
And open scroll of what I may collect.

Farewell, dear Crito; with those calm clear  
eyes,  
With that experienced head, the matter must  
Be tangled beyond hope, and deftly hid  
That you cannot unravel and descry.

One day; another; and another fled,  
Yet came no Crito to Pygmalion,  
Who, in the amber glow that warmed the  
fourth  
At sunset mused,

The poison bags were found  
Harder to gather from the serpent fangs  
Than Crito had believed. He hoped his friend  
Would take no risk or insult in his zeal  
To serve his well-beloved friend's only son!

So far had ambled on his thoughts when he  
Beheld Lord Crito and Orsines both  
Toward coming, Crito pale unwontedly.

Taking the old man's hands, he asked

How fares  
My Lord, he lacks his wonted calm? And I,  
Orsines, miss your customary cheer!

Pygmalion, what I thought but clattering  
The wooden swords of youth in sportfulness,  
I find no boy's play now; but grip of steel  
And deadly hate. Murder is what they mean.

Hate stealing on to murder: and for what?

That you shall hear; and hearing have your  
mind  
Expanded by the knowledge you shall learn.

This youth of mine, whom now I find not quite  
So innocent and simple as I thought,  
Needed but feather touching to entice

His ugly secrets forth : for flippancy  
And vanity combined to flatter him  
He moved in matters of a high concern.

It seems one Bacis with much care and pain  
Made a design to show the Priests how he  
Would run a frieze along their Temple walls:  
And all declare Pygmalion's influence  
Alone debarred the youth from just reward ;  
Priests being favourable, Pygmalion not.

They say that you keep haughtily aloof,  
Mixing at no time in their games and feasts.  
Likewise if one demand of you advice,  
You give it plainly with no view to please ;  
Unheeding that a statue-maker lives  
As much by praise as food he takes in mouth.  
In like wise this same Hebe you have made  
Is some dark trick to serve the Mysteries.  
And monstrous praises Priests and populace  
Bestow on you belong of right to them.  
Should this new art of stratagem succeed,

Inflaming people's taste with new disease,  
Where can they find a market for their work ?  
They are not rich enough they say, to dare  
Murder young maidens and mix up their blood.  
With clay, and thus to make their statues live !  
Blood! Blood! they say must be atoned in blood ;  
The How, and When is silence ; we shall see !

When my glib youth had got thus far he  
stopped  
Dead short and blushed. I saw he went  
beyond  
Intention ; from his loosened tongue had slipped  
What he had fain concealed. Then promptly I  
Forbade all future intercourse between  
Archaics and himself. To make secure  
I kept him to his chamber, guard at door :  
Where he will stay till our needs call him forth.

None but a fool, or evil one will act  
On news enormous without aid of sure

Supporting strength in proof. I thought : then  
went

To seek this Bacis : found him squat amid  
A gruff and grisly set in close discourse.  
They ceased on seeing me, and with their eyes  
Scowled their inquiries wherefore had I come ?

As this was war I used my warlike arts ;  
My youth, I told them wasted too much time,  
And hoped they would not harbour him, as I  
Had studies for my youth to learn that now  
Were all or part neglected. More of this  
To same effect. Then I began to note  
The statues there 'on stands, and works on  
walls.

For all they cared my words might well have  
been

The outside wind that blew. Lightly I passed  
To this new Hebe of Pygmalion,  
And lurid light so swiftly flew thro' all,  
I almost heard the flashing of their eyes,  
Showing how nearly lay the matter there.

It might be chance, but I young Bacis saw  
Fumble his sword-hilt lying close beside.  
Then, no preliminaries, all at once  
Began in rough loud tones to talk and shout  
Of nothing but the weather, fish, and ships ;  
The costliness of wine with this last fail  
Of grape. I left them in a hot debate  
If vintage or corn harvest made most gold.

Had Hades gaped and loosed her fiends, the  
cast

Were less detestable than this foul reek  
Of midden heatedness and gutter slush !  
Lies are built up by liars pleasantly ;  
They give their lies whatever form they please,  
But ugly always. On these shapes they stick  
In flagrant spots a few bright specks of truth.  
Forth wend the lies with maggot life endowed,  
And multiply with such amazing speed,  
Man's whole life from the cradle to the grave  
Is plagued by winged ones, or lies that crawl.

And little as it takes to make a lie,  
That lie may take a man's lifetime to kill.

Of this same Bacis I will tell the tale.  
Long since Orsines in athletic zest  
Seeking young athlete of some small renown,  
In quarters where our thieves and lowly dwell  
Saw sitting cross-legged by the gutter side  
A sharp-eyed boy making men's heads in clay  
Orsines thought he had unearthed a gem  
So rare it must be ground and fitly set  
To edify mankind. Orsines knew  
My faith in baseborns weak ; but urged th  
gem

Was an exception, proved my rule was true,  
For who before had known an ill-bred bird  
Hawking at statues, that belong to Gods !  
Fondly, reluctantly, I then agreed  
To buoy his ardent whim, and sent the lad  
Where best he might be taught the statue wor  
To those who know but little statue craft,  
Who are, my Crito, nearly all we know,

His progress was a marvel. He by work  
Dexterously instinctive soon outran  
By rapid ways the rest. I tried to keep  
Him in the ancient paths with no avail ;  
As I foresaw he could no higher rise  
Unless with broader base to build upon.  
As chances came in many ways I gave  
What help I could and thought he lived  
content.

When on Athena's Temple Priests proposed  
To have some friezes carved, young Bacis sent  
Designs of mortals going to sacrifice,  
Which did not please them : but as Bacis said  
The Lord Pygmalion would be gratified  
Should they entrust him with their holy work  
The High Priest thought best ask of me direct.

I could in no way sanction such a feat  
On any sacred fane. It was grotesque,  
Ridiculous. Maidens with hanging jaws  
Weak in the neck. Men of thin breasts and  
arms,



But round the belly large ; short in the legs.  
Throughout their lengths limbs almost of one  
size,

Ignobleness impressed on every part.

For this must Bacis not the least be blamed.  
He drew but what his eyes had mostly seen ;  
Women so poor in blood their heads drop  
down ;

Showing the emptiest ignorance of life  
In beings fit to share the sacrifice.  
Men who lounge in the houses of their wares  
All day, no exercises, do perforce  
Grow unheroically stout. And he  
Having no inborn nobleness, or light  
To compensate original defects,  
And wanting also simple modesty  
To feel and conquer birth deficiencies,  
The end was such presentment as I say.

To our chief potter I commended him  
Who cheerfully gave work of comic heads  
Fashioned to pots, and any odd device

His fancy might invent, which products would  
Be taken in large numbers by the crowd ;  
And thus appealing unto those he knew  
Them he would gladden and enrich himself.  
But guard the Gods I will from such as he.  
I who would consecrate estate and life  
To Gods could scarcely sacrifice the Gods  
To profit Bacis.

Truly, Crito cried,  
His tale is told. All but Orsines know  
A fish on land is but an awkward beast.  
But fair to tell, when of these fishy freaks  
Orsines heard, he vowed him every chance  
To prove his fishy nature in the sea.

Yes, and had done so had you not forbade !

What mean these knaves that I mix in no  
games ?

I mix in every public game, and am  
One of the Chiefs ; made one by better skill !

That I should mix in little games and feasts  
Is the inanity of recklessness.  
Those who have nothing have the fewest cares ;  
But I have vineyards, corn countries, and  
woods ;  
Store-houses, quays, an active fleet of ships ;  
All which, tho' I have trusty heads, demand  
Some thought of me, and that too, closely  
given.

Without your statues I should say you had  
More than enough to keep the best at work.

Orsines, no : the more we have to do  
Better we do it and more rapidly.  
The mind beats into higher pace and flies  
With less exertion winged at utmost speed.

As to my giving plain advice when asked,  
I never treat these knaves but as I wish  
These knaves to treat me should I ask advice ;  
And, save in fortune, which is luck of wheel,

Had shrunk from holding one of them as less  
Than I myself am till I found them rogues.

As to my praise, I utter all I can,  
And cannot lie even to flatter knaves.  
The dread their market may be spoiled by me  
Is needless fear, the foolish are with them.

Regarding this blood murder business, that  
Might prove a sling in awkward slinger's fist.

But loved Pygmalion make us promise you  
Will not walk public ways without your sword.

Promise I make, let that content you both.

She is too shy that pretty Wantonness ;  
So hold her fast, embrace her while we can.

In abler hands I now will leave the sword  
Until conviction forces grip of hilt.

Now we will argue out the murder plot.  
Why do you think my senses are deceived ?

Nay, not deceived O Crito ; over-keen !

A common form to call his sight too keen  
Who sees beyond the caller ! Then am I  
A boy full-sail, no ballast in my hull,  
No steersman at the helm ; I drive so fast  
Perhaps on rocks and ruins ?

No, no ; not so.  
But men may hate and do dire deadly ill,  
And yet stop short of murder foul and red.

Tracing the spirit through its various shapes  
In law and custom takes long time to learn.

Who learns will often see no difference  
Between an act the law rewards with death  
And one the law regards with stone blank eyes.  
A lazy rascal, drunken and half starved  
Scatters a rich man's brains and steals his purse:  
There is no question what becomes of him.  
A hard stern parent has a gentle child  
Whom, from moroseness, or some cause obscure  
He hates ; and with fixed purpose day by day,  
By savage looks, harsh words, and heartless  
thwart  
Crushes her soul thro' wretchedness to death.  
What law or custom interferes with him ?  
And yet a knife drawn thro' her tender throat  
Were mercy's self compared with that long  
death  
She died !

Too true ! I had not thought of this,  
Which now too clearly sets in unveiled glare  
The Cretan's fate, bluff Gortys. Every work

Of his was wild with fire, almost beyond  
What statues should admit ; but lacked the  
round

Soft sweetening of parts which captivates,  
Thus lacked sweet-sucking people's sweet sup-  
port :

Seeing him surely sliding out of fame  
The wolfish pack set on him ; headed him ;  
And at the turns snapped their remorseless  
bits ;

Never removing bright determined eyes,  
Or slacking pace till they had pulled him down  
This demon hunt was not achieved with jaws  
Blood red from snaps of flesh.

The hunt was made  
By merry jokes ; light, but well-aimed pooh-  
poohs ;  
Made while they drank their wine at rich men's  
boards,  
When no one could suspect of spite or hate.  
So happy were they ; in such playfulness !

See how they laugh ! Note what embittered  
things

They bandy round against their cheerful  
selves,

But bitter legless things that fall. Unlike  
Their pretty ridicules, which sharp-hooked, stick  
And make the victim bleed.

Yes, Crito, now

I see the spirit may be one with his  
Who slays with sling or sword, and citizen  
Who sleekly marks one helpless to his death  
By means concealed securely from the dull.  
And what the dull ones fail to understand  
Borders on folly in the wise to show.

This pack, Pygmalion, joining in one cry  
Could not by howling hunt you out of life ;  
From this you are as far removed as stars.  
They cannot pinch your heart to starving death ;  
They know not how to poison you ; therefore  
Will use their only remedy at hand.



As loved Pygmalion now you see their souls  
Can you doubt longer these men mean your  
death ?

I do not doubt their meaning, but I doubt  
Their power to execute. You scarcely think  
They could make civil war to murder me ?

I do not fear a war ; but much I fear  
An ambush. This my care you should not go  
Swordless about the ways. For well I know  
A few of these same knaves were but a stroke  
Of play for your unerring sword to give  
Them lasting peace : unarmed, Pygmalion, think !

I do not much affect the sword you know,  
Compared with bow and spear ; for one takes skill  
Of poise in handling ; while the other flies  
A venture with the wind. But with my sword  
Crito, give me a high wall at my back  
Six of these wretches would find overwork

To touch me ; and it would go hard indeed  
Did I not thin the circle. Warriors born  
Fight with their feet as much as with their  
hands :

It is the thrust, and backward leap that tell ;  
The certain eye that makes each stroke a  
death,

Or limb disabled ; and the cold clear brain  
That odds can never fluster.


All most true,

And therefore wear your sword !

Pygmalion found

On reaching home the weight of Crito's threat  
To leave the sword in abler hands than his.  
For when Ianthe, waiting, saw him pass  
Toward his work-chamber, straight she sought  
him there,

Her visage all aglow with eagerness,  
A boon my Lord ; I crave a boon of thee !



Ianthe could not ask what was not mine  
To give ; and therefore waiving question I  
Grant your desire. Yea, tho' it were to snare  
A lion and bring netted to your feet.

Swear then by Aphrodite, and by Zeus,  
You will not leave your home or work-chamber  
Without a sword safe buckled by your side!

I see, his dread on you has Crito laid ;  
Gladly I swear by Aphrodite, Zeus,  
And every God that sways our mortal life ;  
And if I durst would swear by Styx itself.  
But O, my Treasure, had I sworn by you  
The thread of Fate could not have bound me  
more.

The Maiden's soul now bright and satisfied,  
She would have left him to his silent Gods  
Had not his love delayed her. In his arms

He took her wealth of loveliness, and kissed  
Her answering lips.

Too fair, too fair for man  
To call his own of right Ianthe thou !  
By what strange blessedness to me is given  
A form that moves Olympian in its grace !

A time will come when wars will rage and  
clash

Harsh thunders thro' the land. At such a time,  
Amid the crash my place will be to bind  
The heat of battle into fire and burn  
A ruthless entrance in the foeman's strength.  
Should some malignant dart, or deathful blade  
Check me in sudden night, you will recall  
The best Pygmalion had to give was thine ;  
The best Pygmalion ever knew, thy love.

Since Aphrodite in Her graciousness  
Had given Pygmalion his undreamed Delight,  
And as an easy following consequence,  
The power to make his statue live and gaze

Awestruck before the awful face of Zeus,  
He had a lover's fondness for the walls  
Of Her great Temple standing proud and clear,  
A brightness in the day ; a gloom at night,  
Save where the roof or column edges took  
The sprinkling light of stars or of the moon.

Most often would he when the palace slept,  
Save for the guards who paced at intervals,  
Go forth alone and wander in the shades  
Or open spaces round the Temple, where  
Foxes and wolves had watched and taken note.

He fed delightful fancies as he moved ;  
At every step some lovely memory  
Jostled the lovely one that came before ;  
And each fresh comer made his heart more glad.

He wondered what so long could cloud his  
sight

Against Ianthé's beauty, grace, and love ;  
For love with both must long have been at point  
Of bursting to the full and perfect flower.  
Was it his struggling to achieve the life

And put a soul in statues made him blind ;  
As one in battle would not heed the gleam  
Of sudden glory on a mountain side ;  
Would only feel the glitter in his sight,  
Or see a vantage if it smote the foe's ?

How earnestly she came to crave her boon.  
Her hands down-clasped their utmost length  
before :

The lift of her sweet face supplicating !  
In those deep eyes the droop of tenderness !  
Her radiance when the sacred oath was given !

How prettily she buckled on my blade ;  
Passing her hand atwixt the belt and me  
To find if drawn too tight ! Could I forget  
An oath so asked, so gladly vowed ? Not while  
This head commands my motions : while this  
sword

Is mine to wear

Ah ! Ha !

He happily

Held scabbard in his hand, for on him rushed  
From out the darkness three with naked  
swords.

Pygmalion was a muser ; but the woods  
No leopard held with senses more alert ;  
No leopard's backward spring could be more  
quick

And sure than his when he beheld their blades  
Lifted to strike. Unsheathing at the pause,  
An instant, and he forward leaped ; a swift  
Dark gleam, a groan ; but ere the body fell  
A clash, another gleam, and dismal shriek  
Pierced ghastly thro' the silence of the night  
And both slain fell together ; while the third,  
Nerveless for terror at their hasty fate,  
Turned round and fled. Pygmalion feared the  
chase,

For stones unhewn and shaped lay cast about,  
With planks and blocks the Temple workmen  
used

In mending some defects at base, and threw

His sword, which caught the flying wretch  
between

The calf and tendon of the heel slantwise,  
Whereat he would have fallen, had he not  
Driven on a spearhead which Orsines held  
Advanced to stop his flight.

Crito had learned  
Pygmalion's nightly rambles, and had told  
Orsines, who in shadows watched unseen  
Night after night no harm befel his friend,  
And now, on hearing clash and shriek, rushed  
forth

His spear at point, which, entering Bacis just  
Below the breast, ended his flight for life.

When at Pygmalion's call torches were  
brought  
By guards on watch, they showed the first who  
felt  
The blade was the same athlete, now grown  
huge  
And strong, Orsines sought in days agoe :



The other was a swordsman of the best  
In Cyprus, and among Archaics thought  
Pre-eminent in statue-making craft :  
And Bacis lay with both hands clutching hard  
The fatal spear ; and on his features death  
Had glazed the eyes and fixed a grin of pain.

When the dark story of those murderous three  
Was noised abroad, Pygmalion shone like day.  
The clouds dispersed ; the wild winds fell ; his  
praise

Was trolled by every tongue. What could show  
more

Our age's madness than that men should rave  
Against Pygmalion, just, and strong, and wise ?  
All always knew some harm would come to those  
Who dared assail his lofty name with spite.  
How happy he could guard his life so well !  
For had his priceless thread been cut what loss  
To Cyprus : how the King had grieved ! And his  
Poor Hebe statue, what must that have felt ?

Those silly nobles who had snapped the lies  
That swarmed and buzzed around Pygmalion's  
name,

Heard the crowd singing and sang with the  
crowd

Their abject adulation.

Pottery men

Fashioned his likeness on their drinking-cups ;  
And there were plots to have a statue made  
To show how Cyprus could adore her great.

The minstrels unto gaping crowds forth  
poured

In floods Pygmalion's almighty deeds,  
The doing which had taken ten long lives ;  
Achilles not more brave, Alcides strong ;  
And a moot question if Prometheus self,  
Or even Hephaestus could have wrought a form  
That breathed a sweeter life than Hebe's smile.  
And some gave murky hints they were not  
sure

He could not roll the thunders an he pleased !

And thus from baseless calumny the herd  
Of rich and poor, thoughtless as sheep that bleat,  
Passed into senseless ecstasy of laud ;  
As din of croaking frogs melodious,  
Or deafening caws that rend the evening air.

## BOOK XII.

THE prodigy, three murderous wretches slain  
By two great Chiefs of war, was yet alive  
In idle tongues, when drifting rumours shook  
Both weaklings and strong men throughout the  
land.

The rumours threatened Egypt would avenge  
Her overthrow some twenty summers past ;  
For the last Pharaoh in his death-hour claimed  
This promise of his son, who sternly swore  
By their remorseless Gods he soon should hear  
From ghostly messengers in shadow world  
That Cyprus was their own ; that the one son  
Of him who led the war was led in chains  
For mockery in old Egypt's capital,  
In smiles the aged Pharaoh closed his life,

Hearing the cries of future victories.  
For when that broken enterprise returned  
His thwarted rage had doomed to death the  
Chief  
Who marched his armies to their fall, but was  
Of all his Lords the one he favoured most,  
Revenge thus sweetly soothed him as he died.

The ships were coming in from every sea ;  
Their hordes were arming fast ; they would be  
thrown  
Wave upon wave in hungry multitudes  
Cyprus could raise no forces to resist.

Such were the rumours that appalled the  
land  
With certain conflict and conjectures wild.  
While freaked with terror labour ran astray.  
The tiller ploughed his furrows all awry ;  
Wide of her bowl, the cow-girl milked the  
ground ;

Swineherds drove swine to feed with pastured  
sheep,

And sheep were driven in the swineries.

The armourer burnt his metal gossiping,

And merchants could not make their balances.

The gilded idlers, erst of fluent prate

And buzzing nothings, nothing had to say.

While silent men now stormed in fiery speech

Threatening the throngs on crowded quays and  
ways

They would be slain, or slaves, unless they  
sprang

Straightway to savagery in slaughterous war,

Where each must feel an overmatch for three !

From merchants flying home in rapid ships,

Men of renown and weighty in the state,

The King and Rulers learned that Egypt  
swarmed

Alive with preparation, ships and men

Bound to make Cyprus vassal of her sway.

Time now was more than life. To choose a  
Chief

In whom authority be absolute  
To hold the force of Cyprus at his will,  
In this they saw their first necessity.

The King and Rulers met in Council Hall,  
And as the King said each Lord present knew  
Wherefore they met, he asked them to propose  
Without delay the Chiefs to be discussed.

Pygmalion ! Crito ! Our Orsines ! Loud  
Were called from every side, and these alone.  
The King then asked,

Crito as first in age  
And deep experience, will you be Chief,  
Should your name bear the heaviest lot in votes ?

My knowledge and my sword are yours, O King,  
And will be used in service. Now, alas !  
I own not that reserve of manhood's strength

Needed to hold our forces in control  
During this imminent and dreadful stress,  
And therefore for Pygmalion give my vote.

The King next asked,

Orsines, should the weight  
Of votes fall to your name, would you be Chief?

O King, I must refuse, for well I know  
Another better fitted to command.  
Our island, after Crito, holds no head  
So clear and wise ; no one whose skill so great  
In war ; no arm so strong to execute  
As our Pygmalion's. Him I give my vote.

Pygmalion, cried the King, as all the votes  
Are yours you must accept the Chieftainship,  
And during this dark crisis imminent,  
Hold all our power in trust to meet the foe.

As you, O King, and these your ruling Lords,  
Lay on me this great charge I must obey.



With Crito and Orsines, rest content,  
The swarms of Egypt will not range the Isle  
After the fashion of a pleasure jaunt !

No foe could come more welcome to these  
arms.

Beating these nation-gorgers off our shores  
My Father met his fate. By sacred Zeus,  
I swear ; by all the Gods of highest heaven,  
To claim full payment for the debt they owe.

Uprose the King, supported on each side,  
And passed out from the Council Hall. With  
pain

The Rulers saw how lustreless his eyes ;  
How wan his wrinkled visage : bowed and sunk  
Those shoulders once so signed by kingliness  
His subjects cast their bearing after his.

Swiftly the tidings flew Pygmalion held  
The forces of the island in command.  
And all the nation as at rise of sun

Woke at a bound in buoyancy and joy.  
The tiller now could plough his furrows straight,  
But left the plough to flourish spear and shield.  
The cow-girl now could fill the frothing bowl.  
The shepherd and the swineherd left to boys  
Due care of sheep and swine. The armourer

now

No metal spoiled, but wrought unceasingly  
A merry tune that gladdened hearers' hearts.  
The merchants, girding on their warlike swords,  
Boasted their balances must bide their time.  
And gilded idlers plunged in discipline,  
While the roused silent cried exultingly,  
Their dearest hopes were coming truths at last!

From every part the Chieftains gathered men  
Who crowding came, unasked, to take the toil  
Assigned them in the now fast mustering hosts.  
Nimbly from chariots strong lances flew,  
And all day eager bowmen practised aim ;  
The spearmen knelt in low straight even lines  
In four or five ranks deep behind their shields,

Their points at moving threat, each beyond each;  
Or at a word the whole as one would rise,  
And bounding forward rush in mimic charge,  
Then drawing backward sink again to rank.

Pygmalion knew the woodmen of the Isle,  
Dexterous in use of axe ; a stubborn race,  
Clad in hard leather fitting to their shapes,  
And formed them one rough body who would  
dare  
Make their attack uncovered by a shield.

He built tall towers of wood, huge wheels  
inside  
Which twelve strong men could push and move  
at will ;  
A platform roofed atop for chosen bows  
Whose arrows carried fate.

The training ceased  
Not even with the dusk at setting sun.  
In the wild heat of infinite commands

Crito forgot his age : his eyes and voice  
Were everywhere giving young leaders help  
Of ancient wiles for safety and attack.  
While everywhere Orsines checked the rash,  
And stayed the eager by his steadiness.  
No need for inspiration, all were fire.

Men watched from every height along the  
coast ;  
Ships from all quarters hastened into port ;  
Save flying vessels sent to catch the first  
Glimpse of the foe and bring the tidings home.

Awhile the fleets of Egypt had been bound  
In idleness by winds, and adverse storms,  
One hard on other's heels ; such, old men  
said,  
Had not been known on Egypt's seas before.  
And every hour was Cyprus' gain. At length  
A ship that had outsped the rest was seen  
Nearing the shore and signal made the Foe.

Straightway Pygmalion summoned every  
Chief

Who could be spared from guarded points,  
and care

Of raw and youthful ranks, to make them know  
His battle-plan.

He meant the foe to land ;  
Slingers and archers from safe vantage spots  
To greet the landing with unceasing showers  
Of stone and steel : but when the landing swelled  
To vasty numbers backward must they fall  
On the main battle by the ways they knew.

He meant the battle to be shaped like that  
Which his lost Father fought. He meant them  
not

Move one pace from their stations till he cried  
The general onset, when his whole wedge would  
Steadily open to a level line  
Resistless driving Egypt in the sea.

He meant the chariots not to charge in force  
During the onslaughts of the foe ; but hang

And hover in two bodies near the horns  
To stop the hordes from taking them in rear :  
Should any chance surprise make this a dread  
The axemen in reserve must fill the gap.

Having made clear his plans to every Chief,  
Pygmalion then dismissed them to their posts,  
Save Crito and Orsines who remained.

He who has fought in many battlefields  
Knows during heat and press of action will  
Arise such dangers unexpectedly  
As must tax all the wisest head can know  
To give them counter-check : therefore do I  
Leave nothing at a hazard I can guard.  
And you my two best friends have each to share  
A deed I dare not trust to other hands.

Orsines you will have your ships in port  
Ready as hounds are when unleashed to slip  
And charge their vessels from the seaward side  
With shafts, and fire, and drive them on the  
shore

When on this mound between the beach and  
town

You see my signal smoke and fire arise.

As the destruction of these enemies  
In any satisfying way depends  
On this great signal telling time exact  
To him who holds the fleet, I must the task  
Intrust to you, O Críto: you alone.  
Six runners will I send you following ;  
But when the second reaches, fire. The rest  
Are but to make security more sure.

Glaringly manifest the flaming pile  
Then, with all spears and chariots you command

Attack on right of me, for I shall then  
Be pressing on with my whole force in line.

Proudly at eventide the Pharaoh's fleet,  
Innumerable, and unmolested, lay  
Threatening in dreadful beauty off the shore.  
A flood of glory from the stormy west

Poured over dancing waves and splashed the  
ships

With antic gold ; and drove dark purple shades  
Far on the waters to the deepening East.

All night on every point along the shore  
Burned signal watchfires ; watchers each in turn  
Taking his rest. Fresh must be every man  
To-morrow's dawn, for every man awakes  
The fate of Cyprus holding in his hands.

When last from darkness feeble pallors broke  
Pygmalion peering thro' the glimmering saw  
Movement among the ships, and straight gave  
word

To rouse the host. Fiercely then squealed the  
pipes,

And hoarsely brayed the sea-shell trumpeters :  
The army like a monster myriad-voiced  
Sprang into instant life, the tramp of men,  
The shouting leaders, metal clang of arms.



His host of axes, chariots, spears, and bows,  
Pygmalion formed between the city walls.  
And sea, far lying, on wide stretch of ground,  
The forward spur of some great inland range,  
And, like his battle lines, wedge shaped ; down-  
sloped

On every side but that towards the town.

He placed a stout-built, bow-armed, wooden  
tower

At either horn of his great battle wedge ;  
Three near the point to bear the heaviest brunt ;  
Five on his Eastern side, at intervals,  
Two on the West ; being steeper there, the  
chance  
Of onslaught less.

Well posted, Crito held  
His mound. The pile of pine-boughs resinous,  
Damp heaps of leaves on oil-soaked flax : and  
men

With torches ready to obey the word,  
Were guarded by his chariots and spears.

Grim in reserve before the city gates.  
The axemen resting on their glittering blades.  
On each flank trembling in a splendour-blaze  
The brazen chariots mocked the risen day ;  
Their neighing horses pawed, and strained the reins  
Impatient to be thundering thro' the land.  
Orsines with Pygmalion traced the lines,  
Trimming the men and cheering, till afar  
They saw the arrow-showers by the shore  
Glisten like webs in dewy mornings bright,  
And hitherward the archers falling back  
Before their ever-thickening enemy ;  
When crying

Ships ! Orsines to your ships.  
Charge from the open, drive their fleet ashore !

Pygmalion left him.

Plunged the tide of war :  
The flying bows now slipped within the lines,  
Driven by the raging swarm, whose points so fast  
Began to sprinkle helm and shield, he brought

His bowmen into rank behind the spears,  
Bidding them answer rapidly and sure.

Like ramping waves upon a bar of rock  
The hot Egyptians dashed upon the wedge,  
And like the ramping waves fell broken back.  
But when successive onslaughts baffled, beat  
Their ardour to a pause, shouted the Chief,

Three spear-lines charge, and back again to rank!

Forth rushed the triple line with levelled points  
And smote the battle such a shock their scream  
Of horror tore the thunderous air. When back  
Again at threat.

Now bows, Pygmalion said,  
Play me a merry tune!

The volleys whizzed,  
Whistling the airs of death.

Is that the air  
You play me? Half the shafts fly overhead;

The rest strike nowhere ! Rabbits ; Geese, I  
say.

Aim you between the navel and the breast.  
Nay, not so keen. If no bare places show  
To let your arrows in, then wait and watch  
The chance. Aim at the face no farther off  
Than ten fair strides ; then, between mouth and  
brow.

Well shot, my men. Now you are lions : yea,  
And leopards beautiful.

Tower there ! Behold  
That tall-capped chieftain ; he fights much too  
well ;

Down with him. Ha ! He staggers ; throws  
out spear

At nothing ; falls !

They crowd, and boldly press  
Our eastern horn ; signal the chariots !  
But stay ; so thick they fall around the tower  
We may not need them. Chariots I want fresh  
Ere long to join the chase.

Strange ; no charge I see  
Against our lines, what means it, can you tell ?  
Pygmalion of a bold young leader asked.

The bold young leader thought the foe had  
fed  
On Cyprian darts, and Cyprian spears enough,  
And would be glad to end the feast and go.

Then must we stuff them if they will not eat !  
I see it now ; my towers have deftly done  
Their work too well for Pharaoh's host, and  
slain

Most of their leaders ; for I gave the word,  
Unless hard driven, as that Eastern tower,  
Those bowmen were to slaughter none but  
chiefs ;

This makes their hesitation ; easy now  
And golden-paved our way to victory.

Send my six runners off to Crito now !  
Command the axes to come slowly down  
With every flanking chariot east and west.

I see a black storm rising from the south  
Will wash our dusty visages and make  
A puddled fighting ground. My work begins !

Fiercely the storms had Crito's mound  
assail'd,  
And he had burned to bind his force and charge  
Headlong and crush the fiery foe with spears :  
Mindful of fire and pile, he dared no more  
Than beat off each assault. O Pygmalion,  
He sighed, how coldly clear that planning brain !  
Who with a head less calm and reverent  
To warlike strict obedience than mine  
Could have forborne the temptings of this day ?

Gazing he saw Pygmalion's western wing  
Straightening towards the mound ; and while  
he gazed

A runner coming crying, Crito, Fire !  
Another close at heels, whom, ere he made  
The mound, an arrow struck and felled : one  
more,

Nigh stumbling over him, ran in and cried  
Fire, my Lord Crito, fire the pile ! At once  
All torches kissed, and with their flaming tongues  
Licked at the feast of oil and resinous gums.  
Great grew the flames and roaring caught the  
leaves  
That sent a thick gray smoke high in the air.  
Then Crito shouted

Chariots to right,  
Flank the Egyptians, drive them eastward back.  
Spears form in triple line ; press on to join  
Pygmalion's wing that fast is drawing nigh.

Pygmalion's Mother on the gate-tower  
watched  
Remembering. At the King's wish she came  
With Eos and Ianthe : sad herself  
She strove to cheer him on this fateful day.

All day the fight had seemed some monstrous  
thing

Hugging the earth and shuddering thro' its  
length.

And all day long they heard a sound as of  
Far waters rushing over broken stones.

The south grows black, tell me Ianthé what  
Your younger sight can see ;

Bade the old King.

Upon the mound a giant signal fire  
Throwing a world of smoke. And chariots  
thronged

Driving at speed toward the western shore.

Now outward move the two great battle-lines.

And widely stretch across the plain and join

A line of spears that touches on the mound.

Now moves the whole line straight from west  
to east,

As I have seen an eagle spread his wings

Poising for prey. The chariots of both flanks

Are moving separate ways. The axes too



Are striding forward ; on their shoulders shine  
The dreadful blades.

I see our ships far out  
Now turning round towards the Pharaoh's fleet.

Orsines ! Eager Eos cried, how dares  
He with that scanty sail of ships attack  
A fleet so vast, enormous, as the foes' ?

Hard is it child to say, the King replied,  
What that may be Orsines does not dare,  
If bid by me, or by Pygmalion charged !

Be calm, the Matron said, for rest assured  
Pygmalion had not sent his friend beloved  
On service of more risk than man could take.  
Behold ! Behold ! By the high Powers of  
Heaven

The Pharaoh's fleet is fired ! Again behold !  
Our chariots thunder to the charge ; they catch  
Them either wing.

Their fleet smoke clouds themselves.  
But look, the axes are at work ; they rise,  
And fall, and gleam like beat of seabirds' wings,  
Incessant : every stroke must be a back  
Hewn through, or head and helmet crushed. I  
    scarce

Can see them now for smoke and flames beyond.  
Escape for Egypt none. Slaves will be had  
For asking, as they cannot kill the whole,  
Their arms will ache too much.

        Behold, then cried  
Ianthé ; list that dreadful thunder roll !  
Fighters and foes must both be overwhelmed ;  
Stroke upon stroke the lightning lashes them !  
The hungry tempest gapes to swallow all !

    Look, Eos shrieked, our fleet is out at sea  
And strives against the wind ; Orsines must  
Be drowned. Thus to fight against Boreas,  
And Zeus, and great Poseidon on the waves !

Eos my tender dove, thy birdlike head  
Lay on this heart of mine ; and I will stroke  
It into quietude, the old King said ;  
Orsines could not play a wiser game  
Than throw himself upon the open sea.  
Their fleet on fire ; wind setting towards the  
shore,  
Theirs he well knows a dangerous neighbourhood.  
Rarely are Zeus, Poseidon, Boreas  
Incensed against the brave. If he can make  
The harbour

Ha ! what ails you man ? speak out !  
Your face looks flying from an enemy,  
So staringly your eyes start in advance !

The Chief, O King, a message from the Chief.

Send up the message !

And the message came,  
And kneeling down before him, said, Dread  
King,

Pygmalion's reverent love, he bids me say  
The enemy is beaten ; all his ships  
Are burnt or driven ashore. The slaughter great,  
And had been greater but their Chief was slain ;  
When, losing heart, the rest laid down their arms.

Good, said the King, but why not captive  
make  
Of that Egyptian Chieftain, was it chance ?

Pygmalion would have saved the Chief, but  
one,  
A spearman, whose son wounded fell, and who  
Was after coldly mangled, rushed and clove  
The Chieftain's neck in twain ; he could not  
live,  
He said, without this offering to Fate.  
Pygmalion bade me add, himself, O King,  
Anon would follow my report.

And while  
He spoke the warm air trembled to the sound

Of chariots thundering up at topmost speed,  
Leaving a storm of coiling dust behind ;  
For unfulfilled, the threatened drench had passed  
And left the evening bright.

Pygmalion, Lo !

He comes outstripping guards ! Ianthe cried,  
His helm, sun-smitten, crowns him with a star !

And while she spoke the thunder suddenly  
Stopped at the gates below, changing to din  
Of jingling arms ; the snort, pawing of dust,  
And shaking of the chariot horses ; when,  
Ere they could wonder, filling all regard,  
Pygmalion entering fell before the King,  
And took his long white withered hands to kiss,  
And in the King's lap sank his stately head.

My Son ! my Son ! How ? How ?

Then checked, and bent  
His aged face, and clasped him lovingly,  
And muttered,

More than son. Yea more ! yea more !  
And lay so long in silence that at length  
The Matron gently lifting up his face  
Saw he had fainted.

Soon by chafe and art  
He was brought back to life ; Pygmalion then,  
As if the King had been a suckling babe,  
Carried him tenderly adown the steps  
And placed him on his waiting litter, when  
They bore him to his palace where he slept.

Covered you are from head to foot in blood  
Pygmalion ; are you hurt ? the Matron asked.

Mostly Egyptian blood you see, my own  
Dear mother. I had not a scratch until  
The general onslaught, when I sometimes felt  
As I have often when in boyhood I  
Among the brambles scrambled for their fruit,  
Orsines holding cap for me to fill.

Now will I to my bath and make me fit  
To stand before your presence.

Eos asked,  
Is a great victory a glorious thing ?

O Eos nay ! It is more horrible  
Than anything beside except defeat !

Ianthe then,

Think O my dear One, think  
Of those brave youths whose hands Pygmalion's  
    clasped ;  
Whose lips have smiled upon him, cold in death.  
Their mother's hopes all withered at the root !  
The women who have lost their strong supports :  
The children's wail for what will never come.  
Such are the flowers that bloom where victory  
Has soaked the earth in blood. But were that  
    blood  
The well-shed blood alone of enemies  
Then victory were in truth a glorious thing.

The overwhelming blow his arms had struck

Egyptian arrogance had overthrown  
The remnant of the old King's strength in joy.  
His forces would not rally ; for, said he,  
The dry shrewd son of Esculapius,  
There are none left to call ; they gave his age  
Their long farewells and left fareills instead.  
In Council Hall guiding his ruling Lords  
He never will sit more.

The only cheer  
Could soothe him was to have Pygmalion by :  
For as he lay and clasped those mighty hands  
Within his trembling own, he felt a hold  
On life.

I should not dread my fate, he moaned,  
So much I long for rest : could I but know  
The crown of Cyprus safe upon your head !

And when the aged King's last hour had  
come,  
Reverent and sad, around the chamber walls,  
And silent sat the rulers, lacking hope.



His head lay resting on Pygmalion's breast ;  
Hands holding hand he sighed his latest breath,

Kingly art thou. O take my crown ; my  
crown.

Before the King's sepulchral rites began  
The Council, Crito told Pygmalion, would  
Elect him King. But, as they something knew  
Of moodiness in him, and strange disdain  
Of what the most held dear, right was it  
judged  
To test beforehand would he take the crown  
If his election stood by force of votes ?

O tempter Crito ! What a net is this  
You wind about me ! How can I resist ?  
Should I refuse and things go wrong henceforth,  
On my unhappy head will lie the curse !  
If I accept, ah then a long farewell  
To what in me is dearer far than life

Without it ; making the similitudes  
Of the great Gods I fear, love, and adore.

We are but parts of what we dwell amidst ;  
And if the press diverts us from our course  
Helpless are we, and must submit, tho' sad,  
And we look longing backwards evermore.  
But I will ask Ianthe ; what she says,  
So balanced am I, what she says I do.

Then Crito went his way, mournful at heart  
For loss of his loved King ; but pleased to  
know

Ianthe had the choice, as her great soul  
Would choose the rugged path for him she  
loved.

Crito was sent in all due form of state  
Demanding, should the votes declare me King,  
Would I accept their burden of the crown ?  
I would give neither nay, nor yea, till you  
Ianthe had avowed your will to me.

Trouble and sorrow greet me every turn :  
No words can tell how my bewildered mind  
Ran darkling while I strove to put the soul  
In Hebe's statue. Being done, arose  
A swarm of loathly scandals till I slew  
Their origin ; when burst and raged a din  
Of nauseous flattery from the very knaves  
Who used their skill to foul my name before.

My hard fate next forced these reluctant hands  
To work this dreadful carnage, and behold  
My friends in numbers dead as the cold earth  
On which their bodies lay. Then my blessed

King,

Whom my soul loved as he had been a God,  
Passed from me in these arms. And now the

Lords

Of Cyprus will to weight me with their crown,  
And ruthlessly to rob me of my peace ;  
My work in which my spirit knows delight.  
That I may never feel again the bliss  
Of silence and of solitary hours.

O my Pygmalion, well you know that I  
Feel with your joys, and grieve with your  
regrets.

Bitter the pain to wrench yourself from what  
Your soul has cleaved to since the golden  
days ;

The blossoming energy of youthful prime !  
But they, meseems, whom most the great Gods  
love

Are taken early from this battle-world,  
Or have the heaviest burdens on them laid ;  
Sometimes beyond their strength. This is their  
way

Of love ; not man's ; but we to them must bow.

If all the Rulers, all the best we know,  
Demand the sacrifice, it is the Gods  
Who speak by them. We dare not disobey.

The greater loss, and greater pain, more  
sure

The proof of its necessity. The Gods  
Are hard, relentless ; may not be denied.



A rugged path Pygmalion has to tread ;  
But in his home there will be peace and calm.  
He knows the Gods are just. Let that suffice.

At Crito's call the Lords of Council met  
In solemn state and chose Pygmalion King.

THE END.





